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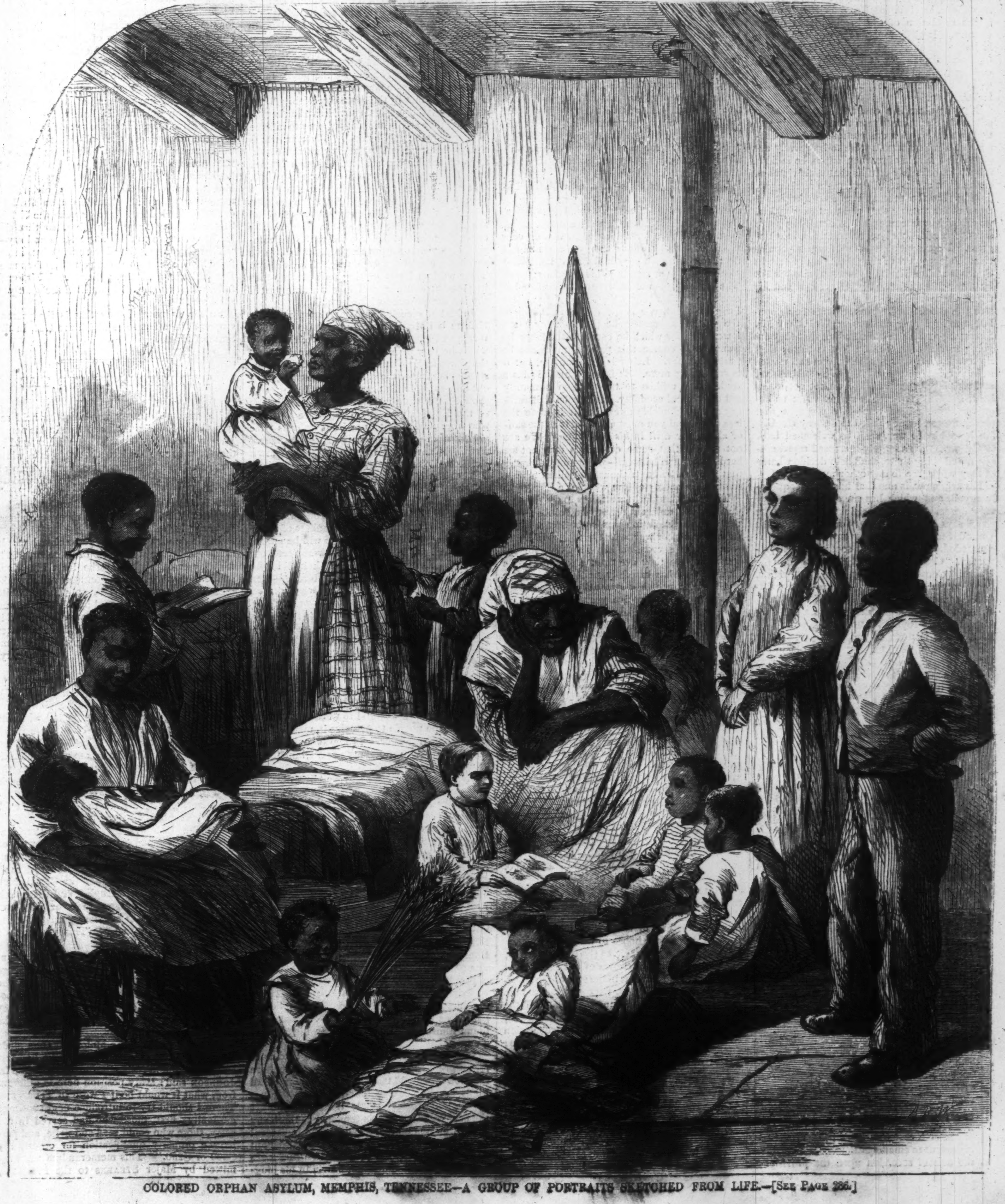


COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—A GROUP OF PORTRAITS SKETCHED FROM LIFE.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 5, 1866.

WHO SHALL DECIDE?

ONE remark in the testimony of Mr. Alexander H. Stephens expresses exactly the absurdity and peril of the "Conservative" policy of reorganization. In reply to a direct question by Mr. Boutwell, Mr. Stephens said: "I do not think any of the States attempting to exercise it [the right of secession] thereby lost any of their rights under the Constitution as States when their people abandoned that attempt." In other words, when a State draws the sword against the Union and is vanquished, the moment she surrenders the sword the Union has lost the right to provide for its further security without consulting the State that is still sullen and sore with defeat. This doctrine is the very reverse of that adopted by the President in appointing Governors and prescribing conditions, and is opposed to the virtually unanimous resolution of the loyal citizens of the country. It airily regards the war as a friendly tussle, an exciting little episode; and some of the pleasant party at table having failed in cutting their neighbors' throats, the company will now all be reseated, and the dinner go delightfully on.

Happily there is a common sense in human affairs which prevents men from following any theory to their own destruction. If this doctrine of Mr. Stephens's were to be gravely accepted as the rule of reorganization, he and his friends, who frankly confess that their views as to the right of the rebellion remain unchanged, finding that the present was an unpropitious moment for putting that right into operation, would still have succeeded in obtaining some seventeen additional representatives in Congress. Representation is based upon population. A large part of the population in certain States is reckoned not by its actual number but by three-fifths of it. Mr. Stephens and his friends take up arms to secede. During the struggle the United States restores that population to its actual numbers. "Well," cry Mr. Stephens and his friends, finding that they are going to the wall, "half a loaf is better than no bread. We aimed at the moon and missed it, but we have shot an owl. We stood at five, and we played for ten. We do not get it this bout, but we have scored seven. Let us acquiesce." And he tranquilly proposes that eleven States, having failed to destroy the Union by a bloody war, shall be welcomed back to Congress with a largely-increased representation, and being there, shall help decide whether they will agree to any other measure.

His argument is one that has been frequently urged, and which has an apparent finality very agreeable to a superficial view. "The war," says Mr. Stephens, "on the part of the United States was to prevent secession. It succeeded. Consequently secession was prevented. Consequently the States are all in the Union. Consequently they have equal rights, and Georgia has the same claim to representation that New York has. If the population of Georgia has increased during the war, thereby increasing our representation, that is our good luck, but it is none of your business. Show me in the Constitution the power to keep out Georgia."

That is adroit; it shows the practiced politician, but it is not the question. The question is not Georgia, but the Union. The Union has been mortally imperiled by a conspiracy of which Georgia was a part. Georgia and the other Confederates having been vanquished in the field, the question is what further is necessary to secure the Union. And that is a question upon which Georgia can claim no voice whatsoever. The authority which rightfully secured the Union against the arms of Georgia can alone rightfully determine when and how Georgia may return to her rights in the Union. That power is no more verbally specified in the Constitution than the power to coerce States. It is in the nature of things. The Constitution is not at war with common sense, and the Government of the United States having been murderously assaulted will determine, like every other government, what is necessary to its security. Five years ago Mr. Stephens and his friends told us that the Constitution did not permit us to do any thing by force to prevent the attempt at secession. We differed, and by force we have prevented secession. Now Mr. Stephens and his friends inform us that the Constitution does not permit us to do any thing further. But do he and his friends suppose that they are in a situation to expound the Constitution of the United States to those who have just now successfully maintained it against both the theories and the arms of himself and his friends?

National necessity and the general welfare justified the war. They justified emancipation. They justified the appointment of military and provisional Governors. They justified the arbitrary selection of voters. They justified imposing assent to emancipation and renunciation of the acts of secession upon the provisional conventions. They justify the present maintenance of martial law and the Freedmen's Bureau. They justify any other measure, not inconsistent with the plain and necessary intention of the Constitution, which may be deemed essential to the resumption by any late rebel State of her position in the Union. The necessity must of course be prudently estimated. The conditions must be wisely determined. Neither hostility nor vengeance are to taint them. History and human nature are to be carefully considered. But the right of the authority which prevented the eleven States from destroying the Union to regulate the resumption of their relations in it is as unquestionable as the right of self-defense.

STRIKES.

The strike of the car-drivers has ended, as strikes usually end, in the triumph of the employers. Yet the conduct of the strikers was, upon the whole, so temperate, and their claim so apparently just, that they were sustained by public sympathy.

The most striking fact in the case was the general willingness of the strikers to respect the equal rights of other workmen. A man has undoubtedly the right to say that he will not work for two dollars a day because those wages will not support his family. But he has no right to say that another man shall not take two dollars if he finds that they will support his family. So any number of men may combine and agree not to work for less than certain wages, but they are the worst of criminals if they forcibly prevent a single man from working who is satisfied with less.

The difficulty with strikes, as with Trades' Unions generally, is, that they presuppose an essential hostility between capital and labor. But that hostility as such does not exist. A man, whether he have a hundred dollars or a million, naturally wishes to buy cheap and sell dear. A rich man buys his labor at the lowest price, as the poor man buys his bread and meat. The poor man is not hostile to the butcher because he prefers to pay the least price possible for good meat, nor is the rich man hostile to the workman because he prefers to pay the lowest sum for which he can hire the labor he wants. Of course this parallel must not be pushed too far. Labor is merchandise, but it is something more. It is merchandise plus a soul. It is useless to try to keep humanity out of political economy. It may be a disturbing and incalculable force, but it is none the less there, and you must allow for it as the sailor allows for drift in his reckoning. We are not saying that some capitalists may not be hard upon some laborers—we are only denying that a man who has a thousand dollars is necessarily the enemy of him who has a hundred.

The important fact for strikers to consider is, that a strike, unless it rises to a revolution—for the French revolution was at bottom really a strike for higher wages or the means of living—is seldom successful. In England, for instance, where they are most frequent, Louis Blanc, who has carefully studied the matter and with the heartiest sympathy for workmen, says that for twenty-five years, from 1836 to 1861, scarcely six strikes succeeded.

The great strike of the Preston factory operatives in England in 1854 is the most memorable upon record. They met on the 1st of June in that year and demanded ten per cent. increase of wages. It was refused. The operatives struck, and were supported by the funds of the Trades' Unions, while their conduct was guided by an active committee. The employers announced that if the demand were not withdrawn the factories should be closed upon a certain day. The day expired, and the factories were closed. Seventeen thousand operatives were out of work. Their sufferings were terrible. Those who had been accustomed to earn twenty shillings a week received but four shillings from the general fund, which amounted to £96,000, or $480,000. They endured the strain with gloomy heroism for thirty-six weeks, but were finally forced to yield. The strike had cost the entire population a loss of £250,000, or a million and a quarter of dollars.

Why did the operatives yield? Simply because the employers could wait longer. And there was no remedy for the workmen but a general overturn of society, which is merely burning down your house to warm your feet.

So terrible a spectacle as the Preston strike, and the constant recurrence of the same effort however unsuccessful, as in the case of the stonemasons and bricklayers, who struck for nine hours instead of ten in June, 1861, and of the present tailors' workmen's strike in London, led thoughtful Englishmen to the conclusion that so much smoke means fire somewhere; and intelligent communities in Rochdale and Leeds have established co-operative societies upon the principle of a mutual understanding between production, capital, and labor, which have already had the best results. And if in England, where the condition of the laborer is probably worse than in any other country, the system of strikes has thus far proved of no real benefit, it can hardly be more serviceable elsewhere.

In this country the solution of the difficulty is to be found in reason rather than in stopping work. If a body of men who are steady, responsible, efficient, and therefore valuable workmen, find that by the general increase of prices their wages are insufficient, and plainly and temperately state the case to intelligent employers, who are the great majority, we do not believe they would be made to suffer. But if they assume hostility, and act accordingly, nothing is more probable than that they will encounter hostility. For resistance to a request of higher wages usually proceeds from the conviction that to yield is to invite still larger demands. That feeling can be dissipated by frank and honorable conduct, and by the spirit of co-operation, which is the true secret of industrial harmony.

REFORM IN ENGLAND.

Lord Grey and his friends, who agitated England for electoral Reform in 1832, Richard Cobden and the men who began to agitate for the Corn-Law Repeal in 1837, and John Bright with the party who now propose to agitate for further electoral reforms in England, belong to that class of true statesmen who perceive a condition of affairs which will lead to revolution if it is not changed; and who, therefore, before the peril is imminent, arouse the public mind that the catastrophe may be avoided altogether. They are all met by the same objection. They are told that the people do not demand a change, and that they are incendiaries who try to inflame dangerously the public mind. Their answer is always the same. They reply that the conditions of trouble are evident, although latent, and if they are not perceived by the public, that that is the very reason why the public should be made to see. Acting upon this principle they have hitherto taught England the danger and the duty of the hour, and by organizing the popular demand they have compelled patrician power to yield, and have so saved their country from tragical convulsion. Their wisdom lay in putting up lightning-rods in pleasant weather, and in not waiting until the hot air quivered with electricity.

In his late speech upon Mr. Gladstone's new Reform bill Mr. Bright said that he regarded it as a wedge. It is the beginning of the work, which he very plainly declares is a necessity of the times in England. That work is the constant enlarging of the suffrage. Pass the present bill, says Mr. Bright, and Parliament will show that it sympathizes with the multitudes of the English people. The advice of those who urge Parliament to resist it he calls "*the most revolutionary advice ever given in this House.*" And Mr. Gladstone, in replying to Mr. Lowe and Lord Robert Grosvenor, who had asserted that the bill proposed to admit drunkards and brawlers and semi-savages to political power, said, with his old brilliant fervor, "I object to the idea of dealing with these statistics as if we were ascertaining the numbers of an invading army. The people who will be admitted to the franchise are our fellow-subjects, our fellow-Christians, our own flesh and blood. Men lauded to the skies for their conduct—men who have borne destitution, starvation almost, with a patience which is a lesson to all."

One of Mr. Bright's statements is the key of the position. "You have a population divorced almost entirely from the land and shut out from the possession of the franchise." To see that fact, and to appreciate the vital danger it involves, is the proof of his great political genius. To rely upon his profound conviction that the danger is no less because it is not generally comprehended, and to devote himself to arousing the people to perceive it, makes him a great popular leader. It marks exactly the difference between a follower or a trimmer and a statesman.

Mr. Bright knows, as every close observer of human nature and student of history knows, that every country is safe so long as it moves constantly and regularly toward a wider distribution of intelligence, property, and political power. When these tend to concentration—when the land is falling into fewer hands and the political power to a smaller number—the country is fatally endangered. Mr. Bright has read Roman history and French history with his mind as well as with his eyes. He has seen that although the early French revolution multiplied the number of land proprietors, and the days of July abolished the old Bourbon monarchy, yet the number of voters was still only about 400,000 out of 30,000,000 of people, so that Louis Philippe's parliament was virtually of his own election; and deceiving himself by his own image, which he regarded as the reflection of France, that King found himself suddenly without a kingdom or a crown.

In England the tendency of the land is to fewer proprietors, of which, we believe, there are now about 36,000; and the voters of all kinds are but twelve hundred thousand in a population of 30,000,000; nor to counteract the consequences of this tendency is there any thing broader and more radical than individual or collective charity, except the enlargement of political power. To that Mr. Bright looks for more general education, which, in his judgment, is sure to follow. With greater general intelligence, and the self-respect which springs from the consciousness of an actual share in the state, the still further enlargement of political power, even with any necessary modification of the whole system of the country, becomes possible. Without some movement wisely and continuously developed which shall give the great multitude of the people some direct voice in the representation, Mr. Bright unquestionably expects grave trouble.

The politics of England are watched with interest by many minds in our lately disturbed States. Their own problems are in many points, and especially in this of suffrage, like those in England. We hope they will weigh the counsels of Bright and Gladstone.

THE I. R.

Those honest Irishmen who comprehend the real suffering of their country and would seriously help her, must be the most indignant of all the spectators of Fenian antics. It is not to be doubted that large sums have been subscribed for the promised movement toward Irish independence, and the mass of those who give a generous part of their hard earnings to the fat Fenian treasury are unquestionably very earnest. They heartily hate England, and with the easy enthusiasm of their race they sincerely believe that they have subscribed to some formidable demonstration. If, however, those who have received the money are not quite so earnest, the urgency of the subscribers must be rather annoying. It must be appeased in some way, and nothing would be so valuable to the leaders as a valid excuse for deferring the blow. Has it occurred to those who have given their money that the demonstrations upon the border are intended merely to provoke the United States Government to interfere, so that the leaders can turn to their subscribers and say—"There! you see the Government has interfered! We can do nothing now, of course. But patience, patience, patience. Wait carefully, watch closely, and you shall see what you shall see!"

So far as now appears that is the present scope of the effort to establish the I. R. in the State of Maine.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SUFFRAGE.

President Johnson must not be held responsible for all the follies spoken in his name. The vociferous orators who defend him, and in the same breath declare that this is a white man's government—meaning that no man of any other complexion should be allowed to vote—reckon without their host. The President is not of their opinion, if we may judge him from his own words on many occasions. Let us refresh their memories.

In his famous speech to the colored people of Nashville, on the 24th of October, 1864, which was certainly not the least illustrious incident of his life, Mr. Johnson said, speaking of Tennessee: "Loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone control her destinies; and when this strife in which we are all engaged is past, I trust, I know, we shall have a better state of things, and shall all rejoice that honest labor reaps the fruit of its own industry, and that every man has a fair chance in the race of life."

In April, 1865, Mr. Sumner, Mr. W. D. Kelley, and Mr. Schurz, whose views were very radical, were entirely satisfied with the opinions upon the question of suffrage which were expressed to them by President Johnson.

In May he told Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, that he should earnestly advocate the extension of suffrage to her colored citizens, if he were in Tennessee, but did not feel that, as President, he had a right to force it upon the late rebel States.

On the 15th of August, 1865, President Johnson suggested to Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi, that he should persuade the Convention to "extend the elective franchise to all persons of color who can read the Constitution of the United States in English and write their names, and to all persons of color who own real estate valued at not less than $250 and who pay taxes thereon.......This you can do with perfect safety."

On the 27th of September, 1865, President Johnson told Senator Wilson that the suffrage question was open for discussion within the party, and that he should not discriminate between its members on account of opinions they might express upon points not settled by the Baltimore Convention.

On the 3d of October Major Stearns made a memorandum of a conversation he had just had with the President, during which Mr. Johnson said: "My position here is different from what it would be if I were in Tennessee. There I should try to introduce negro suffrage gradually: first, those who had served in the army, those who could read and write, and perhaps a property qualification for others, say $200 or $250." This memorandum was submitted by Major Stearns to the President, who returned it with this indorsement: "I have read the within communication and find it substantially correct. I have made some verbal alterations. A. J."

There is no reason whatever to suppose that President **Johnson** has changed his opinions upon this subject. And no man of common sense supposes that this large part of the population can be long disfranchised with safety. Differences as to methods will prevail, but in an intelligent, free republican country there can be no question as to the right and necessity of impartial suffrage.

TAXATION AND REVENUE.

Before these lines are read the House Committee of Ways and Means will probably have reported the amended Tax bill. The papers are full of circumstantial accounts of the changes which are to be made. But Washington correspondents, like **Homer**, have been known to make mistakes, and we may as well defer criticism on the bill until it appears in authentic form. In the mean time there is no reason to question the published statement of the revenue for the fiscal year ending 30th June next, which sets down the receipts of Government from customs, excise, and miscellaneous sources at $525,000,000; or the published estimate of the public revenue for the fiscal year 1866–7, which informs us that the income of the coming year will not be less than that of the current year.

These are substantial, suggestive facts. This country, it seems, with a population, including negroes, perhaps 3,000,000 more than that of Great Britain and Ireland, and 9,000,000 less than that of France, yields a revenue to Government fifty per cent. more than the public revenue of Great Britain or of France. The British revenue has for some years averaged $350,000,000 per annum, and the revenue of France about the same sum. Our public revenue this year will not be less than half as much more. Thus, while inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland pay an average tax of about $12 50 per head, and inhabitants of France about $8 75 per head, inhabitants of the United States, including negroes, pay about $16 50 per head. This is pretty well for a country which till within three years was new to direct taxes, and of which it was confidently predicted by observers who were neither idiots nor traitors that the people would never submit to the exactions of the tax-gatherer.

The revenue, as we said, is not to be less in 1866–7 than it was in 1865–6. Yet the expenditure is to be reduced nearly one-half. In 1865–6 the expenditure will be found not to fall far short of $500,000,000. For 1866–7 the Secretary's estimates are $285,000,000; and sound authorities predict that unless Congress throws money away the aggregate, including the interest on the public debt, will be within $275,000,000. This would leave a surplus of $250,000,000, to be applied, as many suppose, to the reduction of the principal of the public debt.

An important problem is suggested by this probable excess of revenue over expenditure. Is it just or politic for the present generation to undertake the payment of the national debt, and at the rate of nearly 10 per cent. per annum? On the one hand, it is urged that, as there is no better possible investment for an individual than the purchase of his own paper, so there can be no better use for the public funds than in the extinguishment of the public debt. But, on the other hand, as future generations will benefit at least as much as the present generation by the war for which the national debt was incurred, it seems but fair to many that they should bear their full share of the burden. Or, to put the proposition in another shape, it seems unfair that the present generation, which has contributed its life-blood to a work that is to benefit its posterity as well as itself, should be further called upon to reduce, by the payment of heavy taxes, the pecuniary burden which naturally would devolve upon its successors. There can be no question but that the war of 1861–4, with the consequent abolition of slavery, will render the United States far more prosperous in 1880, 1900, and 1925, than they could have been without the war and without abolition. Should not the men of 1880, 1900, and 1925 pay for the boon? Is it fair to struggling thousands at the present day to ask them not only to give their blood for the great cause, not only to pay the interest on the national debt, but further to pinch themselves in order to reduce the principal, so as to lighten the load that will fall upon the shoulders of a posterity to be so much advantaged by the sacrifices they have already made?

Certain newspapers of unquestioned loyalty dwell upon the advantage of reducing the debt to $2,500,000,000 by the payment in full of some $205,000,000 of short-date obligations. This reminds one of **Pip**'s fondness for round numbers in the statement of his debts. It would be a great gain to reduce the debt to $2,500,000,000, a still greater gain to reduce it to $2,400,000,000, or to $2,300,000,000. The smaller the debt the lighter the taxes. But is it quite certain that there is no better way of using the surplus of 1866–7 than in paying off $205,000,000 of debt certificates and other short-date obligations?

Look at the situation. Money is a drug in Wall Street. It can not be easily lent even at 5 per cent., and the prospect is that 3 or 4 will soon be the rate. Fully $800,000,000 of currency, independent of interest-bearing legal tenders, are afloat—four times as much as we had before the war. The number of banks is thrice what it was. All this currency is seeking employment, all these banks are ravenous for dividends. Cashiers and Presidents fall down at the feet of any one who will condescend to borrow money of them. The consequence is, that every man who has property borrows money on it, and hoards it in view of the inflation which he wants and deems inevitable; and, as we showed last week, all kinds of merchandise and property are held firmly for an advance, and the cost of living is at least as high as, if not higher than it was when gold was 250.

Now, how will the proposed application of the surplus of 1866–7 to the extinction of 9 or 10 per cent. of the public debt affect this state of things? It will make money even easier than it is, and will render a fresh inflation inevitable. It will raise the price of every article that is consumed by the poor. It will tempt men to run in debt, to live extravagantly, to expand their commercial ventures. And, as Mr. **M'Culloch** eloquently showed in his report to Congress, it will lead, surely and swiftly, to a crisis which will overwhelm three-fourths of the trading community and involve the whole country in disaster. All this it will do without bringing the national currency ⅛ per cent. nearer par (see the course of the gold market since this scheme was mooted). The only people whom it will benefit are the bankers and speculators who bought at a discount the short-date obligations which it is now proposed to pay off at par.

If, on the other hand, this great surplus—the greatest, we believe, ever accumulated by any nation in a single year—should be used exclusively for the purpose of restoring the national currency to its proper value—the standard of gold—how, then, would the case stand? Money would at once become more active, the national banks would be compelled to withdraw their issues and curtail their discounts, and values would gradually settle down. Men would realize that money was once more going to be money—not shinplasters. They would not owe more than they could pay. They would not spend more than they had. They would scent the crisis from afar, and by timely preparation would perhaps avert it altogether. Speculators—the harpies who discredited national securities during the war in order to buy them cheap—would not make as much money as if the currency were kept in disgrace. But every individual would be able to live more cheaply, and to pay his taxes with less suffering. True, the Secretary might not be able to sell bonds for as high a figure in currency if gold were 110 as he could if gold were 130. But surely grown men do not need, at this late day, to be told that gold is the only true standard of value, and that 95 in currency, with gold @ 110, is more money than 100 in currency, with gold @ 130. One important branch of the taxes, the customs duties, would be reduced by the fall in gold.

The Secretary of the Treasury has communicated his purposes to no one. But if he have not greatly changed his mind since he wrote his report to Congress in December last, he is much more likely to adopt the latter method of disposing of his surplus than the former.

A CONSERVATIVE SIGN.

Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, one of the most conspicuous Conservatives, recently said, at a meeting of the National Democratic Association in Washington, that he believed "that when **Jefferson Davis** left the Senate he was a better Union man than **Abraham Lincoln**." Senator **Saulsbury** thinks that the war and emancipation and the rest of it are not much of a shower after all. He shakes his incredulous head, and is of the sage opinion that rain is not so wet as you might suppose. Gettysburg, and Vicksburg, and Port Hudson, and the march to the sea, and the sinking of the *Alabama*, and the crowning mercy at Appomattox Court House, all distinctly thunder that **Abraham Lincoln** *was* a better Union man than **Jefferson Davis**, but Senator **Saulsbury** does not hear or see. He is persuaded that **Cornwallis** received the surrender of the American armies, and that the republican patriot **George** III. incontinently hung up the arbitrary despot **George Washington**. He is quite sure that the **Pope** burned **Martin Luther**, and that this is the year of grace 1266.

But, despite Senator **Saulsbury**, it continues to be six hundred years later. The political theory upon which the rebellion rested has been as effectually settled as any theory can be. After four years of desperate struggle it is decided that the majority of the people of the United States will not tolerate the doctrine upon which **Jefferson Davis** left the Senate, which was, that the States in the Union are absolute sovereign powers, and that the Union was a compact at will. And now Conservatism—the spirit that forever wrestles with the order of nature—true to its instincts, plants itself upon the very proposition that the country has repudiated. By the appropriate lips of Senator **Saulsbury** Conservatism warns the people that if it should obtain power the Government would be in the hands of those who hold that **Jefferson Davis** in seceding was a better Union man than **Abraham Lincoln** in resisting secession.

HOW AND WHEN SHALL WE EAT?

Digestion is quite a compound process. The food is first cut and ground by the teeth, and at the same time there is poured forth into the mouth from the ducts of several pairs of glands a large quantity of saliva, which thoroughly moistens the food as it is being ground. When it passes into the stomach the gastric juice oozes from all the inner surface of that organ. To make this mingle effectually with the food the muscular fibres of the stomach, by alternate contraction and relaxation, keep up a constant motion during all the process of digestion, the oozing of the gastric juice all the while going on. Were it not for this churning of the mass of food it would remain quietly in the stomach as it was introduced, and the gastric juice could reach the interior portion of it only by working as a solvent from without inward toward the centre, which would at least be a slow process.

There have been many speculations about the nature of the digestive process, and in relation to them the celebrated Hunter remarked playfully: "To account for digestion some have made the stomach a mill; some would have it to be a stewing-pot, and some a brewing trough; yet all the while one would have thought that it must have been very evident that the stomach was neither a mill, nor a stewing-pot, nor a brewing-trough, nor any thing but a *stomach*." All that can be said is that digestion is a chemical process, the mechanical agency spoken of being of service only in thoroughly mixing the gastric juice with the food.

When the food has been sufficiently acted upon in the stomach it is passed forward into the small intestines, where the nutritious portion of it is absorbed, and then is poured into the circulation to replenish the blood.

The process gone through with in the stomach is a regular one, requiring a certain average period for its completion; and then nature dictates that there should be a period of rest for the organ before the process be entered upon again. It is obvious, then, that no fresh matter should be introduced after the mass of food has become in any good degree digested, for this would interfere with the regularity of the process. Eating between meals does harm in this way if it be done within two or three hours after a meal, and if done after this period has elapsed it does harm by depriving the stomach of the rest which it needs. But farther than this, eating irregularly between meals destroys those regular habits of the organ which are essential to its healthy condition, and renders impracticable the guidance of the natural sensations as to the amount which ought to be eaten.

The ease with which food is digested depends much upon the thoroughness of mastication. If unmasticated lumps of food be swallowed the gastric juice is slow in penetrating them, and some portions of them may pass into the intestines undigested, and prove a source ot irritation, and therefore of disease. In the hurried eating so commonly practiced by business men and students, that most excellently-contrived mill in the mouth is not suffered to perform any thing like its whole duty.

While eating too fast is the common error there is sometimes too much time occupied in eating a meal. When courses are served very slowly, and there are many of them, the food taken in the latter part of the time must interfere with the regularity of the process of digestion, to say nothing of the undue quantity which is apt to be eaten under such circumstances.

It seems to be quite well settled by experience that three meals a day are required for the maintenance of health. If more than these are taken too much is eaten, and the stomach does not have sufficient intervals of rest; and if less the intervals are so long that there is some degree of exhaustion, which, though it may be slight, produces an injurious effect, and if repeated every day, it has in the progress of years a considerable aggregate of influence. Habit may indeed diminish the effect, but it can not wholly counteract it.

Much has been said about exercising after eating, and the truth has been often overstated. The famous experiment with the two dogs is cited to show that exercise after eating interferes with the process of digestion. Observe just how much was proved by the experiment. Two dogs were fed to the full, and while one was left to lie still, the other was made to run about very briskly. In an hour or two both dogs were killed, and it was found that the food was well digested in the dog that remained quiet, but not in the other. This proved simply that *violent* exercise taken *immediately* after eating interferes with digestion. Other facts show that light exercise rather promotes than impedes the process, and that even very strong exercise does not interfere with it if a short interval of rest be allowed, so that the process may be fairly commenced.

The same is to some extent true of exercise of mind. It seems to be necessary that there should be some measure of concentration of energy in the stomach for the due performance of digestion, and any very decided exercise, bodily or mental, tends to prevent this. In the dyspeptic even a slight amount of effort either of body or mind often suffices to do it.

It is very commonly said that it is wrong to eat just before going to bed. Is this true? Cattle are apt to go to sleep after eating fully. Do sleep and digestion agree well in their case, and not so in case of man? In some seasons of the year the farmer takes his heartiest meal at the close of the labors of the day, and soon retires. Is this a bad custom? Our opinion is that food may be taken properly at a late hour, provided, first, that the individual has not already eaten enough for the twenty-four hours, that he has done so being true probably in most cases; and provided, secondly, that he is in such a state of health that digestion will not so act upon his nerves as to disturb his sleep. If it will thus act it is clear that he had better be disturbed when awake, for he can bear the disturbance then with less of injury to his system.

CATALOGUE OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

The catalogue of the Mercantile Library, just issued by the catalogue committee of that institution, is a model. It is admirably arranged, so that nobody can miss the book he wishes, if he knows either the author's name or the subject of the book, and the classification is complete. It is pleasant to see so fair a sign of the prosperity of this vigorous association, which flourishes in perpetual youth because it is managed by an active and energetic board of young men. The late Librarian, Mr. **Grant**, retired with the cordial respect of the friends of the Library; and his successor, A. W. **Green**, Esq., is a gentleman upon whose accession all of those friends will have reason to be delighted, for he is thoroughly competent to his position and peculiarly alive to the interests of the Mercantile Library.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 17:

In the Senate, Mr. Grimes introduced a bill regulating the appointment of officers in the navy. It provides for 1 Vice-Admiral, 11 Rear-Admirals, 25 Commodores, 50 Captains, 90 Commanders, 108 Lieutenants, 160 Ensigns, and in other grades the number now allowed.

In the House, the Army bill was taken up, the question being on the motion to strike out that part of the fourth section relating to the Veteran Reserve Corps. After a long debate the amendment was rejected—yeas 30, nays 84.

April 18:

In the Senate, the resolution appropriating $127,785 for fulfilling certain treaties with Indian tribes was passed.

April 19:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted, calling upon the President for whatever additional information he may have received since his last report in relation to the Southern States.

April 20:

The act amendatory of an act in relation to the *habeas corpus* was taken up and passed, 30 to 4. This bill grants indemnity to officers of the army for acts committed in aid of the suppression of the rebellion, and exempts them from liability to civil courts for such acts.

In the House, the bill giving to Ishmael Day, of Baltimore County, Maryland, an annuity of $421 50, as a recognition of his heroism in defending the national flag from Gilmore's rebel raiders, on the 12th of July, 1864, and for his loss of property on that occasion, was passed—yeas 106, nays 13.

April 23:

In the Senate, Mr. Conness offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of providing against the importation, transportation, sale, or manufacture of nitroglycerine in the United States.

In the House, a report was received from the Judiciary Committee adverse to the proposition of the President to modify the test oath.

A NEW LICENSE LAW.

An act has been passed by the New York State Legislature and approved by Governor Fenton, to take effect from May 1, 1866, entitled, An Act to Regulate the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors within the Metropolitan Police District of the State of New York. Its provisions are as follow:

1. The Commissioners of the Board of Health shall alone have the power to grant licenses, the cost of the same to be determined by the Commissioners, and not to be under $30 each or over $250. These licenses are to be posted in a conspicuous place wherever the liquors are sold.

2. From and after the 1st day of May, 1866, no person or persons shall, within the said Metropolitan Police District, exclusive of the County of Westchester, publicly keep or sell, give away or dispose of any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ale, or beer, in quantities less than five gallons at a time, unless as he or they may be licensed, pursuant to the provisions of this act, and may be permitted by it.

3. These licenses shall authorize no sale of the liquors specified on Sunday.

4. No liquors shall be sold to minors without the consent of their superiors, nor to any habitual drunkard, nor to any person while under the influence of liquor, nor to any person against the request of any wife, husband, parent, or child.

5. Every person who shall violate any of the foregoing provisions of this act shall for each offense be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction therefor shall be punished with a fine of not less than $30, nor more than $100, or with imprisonment for not less than ten days nor more than thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

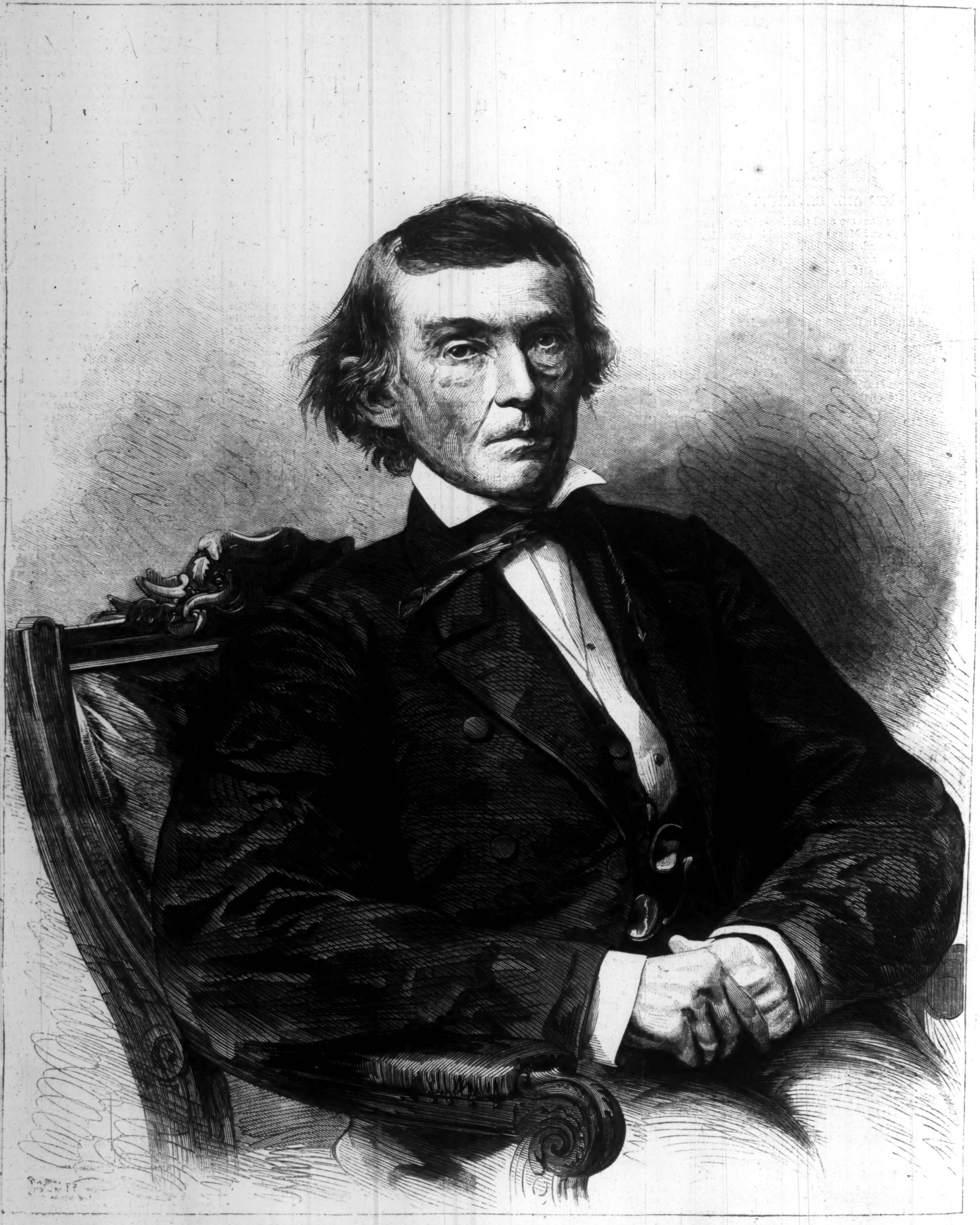
DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

A new batch of correspondence between Secretary Seward and the Marquis de Montholon has been laid before Congress. The conclusion of the whole matter is that France is to withdraw her troops from Mexico within eighteen months. It is understood that the United States will not intervene in Mexican affairs, except as against an attempt made to establish a monarchy against the will of the Mexican people. Secretary Seward has instructed Mr. Motley, our Minister to Austria, to protest against the sending of Austrian troops to take the place of the French. "It is thought proper," says Mr. Seward to Mr. Motley, "that you should state that in the event of hostilities being carried on hereafter in Mexico by Austrian subjects under the command or with the sanction of the Government of Vienna, the United States will feel themselves at liberty to regard those hostilities as constituting a state of war by Austria against the Republic of Mexico, and in regard to such war waged at this time and under existing circumstances, the United States could not engage to remain as silent or neutral spectators."

NEWS ITEMS.

The Mercer expedition has at last been heard from. After a pleasant voyage, diversified only by the usual incidentals of sea-sickness, the *Continental* reached Rio on the 10th of February. The friends of the young ladies who have ventured on this expedition will be glad to learn that they were all well and in good spirits.

The list of the awards to the captors of the assassins of Mr. Lincoln and the reward paid for the arrest of Jefferson Davis have been laid before the House of Representatives. Colonel L. C. Baker receives $3750; Lieutenant Baker, $4000; Boston Corbett, $4000; Lieutenant Dougherty, $7500. Colonel Pritchard receives $10,000 for the capture of Jefferson Davis.



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.—[Photographed by Brady & Co., Washington, D. C.]

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

There are few public men in the country who have spoken so plainly, and whose political career has been so conspicuous, whose real position has yet been more misunderstood than that of Mr. Stephens. It was long the habit to regard him as a "national" man as opposed to the school of State sovereignty; while the plain fact of his whole career is that, while Mr. Calhoun's measures were not always approved by him, Mr. Calhoun's theory of the Government has never had a more consistent and determined supporter. Viewing the two great historical parties of the country as the Northern and the Southern, the Southern policy has been steadily defended by him, and with a thousand-fold more sagacity than by its noisier and more rhetorical chiefs. If the people of Georgia and of the late slave States had followed Alexander H. Stephens rather than Robert Toombs and Benjamin and Davis, the war would have been deferred, but the character of our Government would have come much nearer destruction.

Mr. Stephens was born in Taliaferro county, Georgia, on the 11th of February, 1812. He studied law and came to the bar in 1834. In 1836 he was elected to the Lower House of the Georgia Legislature, and in 1842 to the State Senate. In politics he was an ardent Whig, and in 1843 was elected to Congress, where he remained until 1859. In 1844 he supported Henry Clay for the Presidency, although he thought him too lukewarm upon the then great Southern measure of the annexation of Texas, and one of the first speeches Mr. Stephens made in Congress was in favor of that measure. He was one of the authors of the resolutions for the annexation, which was peculiarly Mr. Calhoun's measure, and intended by him to secure his election to the Presidency; and as it was necessary at that time for the Southern policy to acknowledge the right of Congress to legislate upon Slavery in the Territories, the Missouri Compromise was distinctly recognized in Mr. Stephens's resolutions. In 1847 Mr. Stephens introduced resolutions upon the Mexican war which became the platform of the Whig party, and by committing it to the Southern policy finally destroyed that party. In 1850 Mr. Stephens supported the compromises which included James M. Mason's foolish Fugitive Slave bill. In 1854, when the Southern policy required that Congress should no longer legislate upon Slavery in the Territories, Mr. Stephens, as Chairman of the Territorial Committee in the House, was the chief supporter of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He blew hot or cold for "the South" as occasion required. The Whig party disappeared. The Supreme Court declared the Southern policy to be Constitutional; and at the close of the 35th Congress, in 1859, Mr. Stephens declined to be longer a candidate.

Upon his retirement he spoke, in June, 1859, at Augusta. He reviewed the political movements of the twenty-three years—nearly a quarter of a century—during which he had been in political life, and declared that "we"—meaning "the South"—had gained the victory in every agitation. "There is not now," he said, "a spot of the public territory of the United States over which the national flag floats where slavery is excluded by law of Congress; and the highest tribunal of the land has decided that Congress has no power to pass such a law, nor to grant such power to a Territorial legislature.... Wherever climate and soil suit there slavery can and will go to the extent of population." He cautiously favored the acquisition of Cuba, and plainly but indirectly advised the reopening of the slave-trade. As for the main question of Southern policy, that of slavery itself, he confessed that "the leading public men of the South, in our early history, were all against it." But he said that it was a question "which they did not, and perhaps could not, thoroughly understand." But the increasing lights of religion and science had now shown that not to sustain human slavery upon religious grounds was "to reverse the decrees of the Almighty." This great truth having been accepted by the American people, and solemnly proclaimed by the Supreme Court, Mr. Stephens considered that he might safely cease from his labors. The country would now advance to a still more shining prosperity. But that no one should misapprehend his orthodoxy upon the one cardinal point of devotion to "the South" he said that, as matters stood, he saw "no cause of danger either to the Union or Southern security in it. The former has always been with me, and ought to be with you, subordinate to the latter."

In the Presidential election of 1860 Mr. Stephens supported Mr. Douglas and Herschel V. Johnson, because he was sure that the Southern policy would be safer under them than with the probable extravagance of Breckinridge and Lane. Upon the election of Mr. Lincoln he was openly opposed to secession for reasons which he stated in a speech before the Georgia Legislature at Milledgeville on the 14th of November, 1860, in reply to an appeal of Mr. Toombs for secession on the previous evening. This speech was much quoted at the time in the Free States as an indication of Union feeling. But it was simply an argument against the policy of secession; the right was never denied by Mr. Stephens. The truth is, that the Milledgeville speech states simply the value to "the South" of a Union which it controlled. The election of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Stephens said, did not remove it from Southern control. The Senate and the House were opposed to him. If the new President and his party should attempt to do any thing which Georgia considered to be unconstitutional, let her secede. He was first for his State, and then for his country, and he merely objected to secession as unnecessary so long as the Union remained as it then was, under Southern domination. This was Mr. Stephens's "Union" speech upon the eve of the war.

When, as probably he foresaw, the counsel of the immediate secessionists prevailed, Mr. Stephens was at once elected Provisional Vice-President of the "Confederacy" for two reasons: first, to propitiate and secure the Georgia party which agreed with him; and second, because there was no doubt of his entire devotion to "the South" as against the country. This was on the 9th of February, 1861. On the 21st of March he spoke at Savannah. He repeated in almost the same words the philosophy of the speech at Augusta in 1859. He announced that the "old Union" was based upon liberty and equal rights, which was "a sandy foundation." But, he added, "Our new government is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth" that slavery is the "natural and moral condition" of the African race. This is "the corner-stone" of the new system. Mr. Stephens neither concealed nor repudiated in this speech any of his well-known views. It was entirely harmonious with his whole career.

During the war he was not conspicuous. He seldom presided in the Richmond Senate, and he twice essayed to end hostilities by some kind of negotiation. He probably did not change his opinion that the attempt at secession was a mistake, and events, of course, must only have confirmed his conviction. From May to October of last year Mr. Stephens was a state prisoner at Fort Warren. He was then released upon parole, and, returning to Georgia, secured his election as United States Senator. On the 22d of February, 1866, he made a speech to the Legislature recommending acquiescence in the situation, and such legislation as would secure a chance to the freedmen. But still holding to the right of secession, he also believes that every State which has tried to secede and failed is now entitled without delay or condition to resume the exercise of every other right in the Union—a doctrine which grows naturally out of the old Southern view of the government, and which we have considered in our editorial columns.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

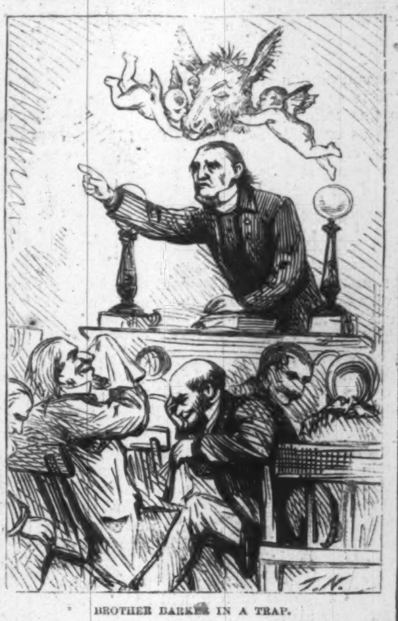
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XVII.

"O happy day!—O glorious and blessed day!—O day for us to celebrate with joyful hearts as long as we live here and throughout all eternity! No room for hesitation now. Many a time you have laughed at your humble speaker—said, 'Don't be too fast, Brother Barker'—hah! was I not right? From the first whisper of the great news I believed it all, every syllable. Shame upon you who held back, who wanted confirmation, as you call it. There was your sin. Men standing high like among us, too—like the lord on whose hand the king leaned that our text—Second Kings, seventh—speaks about. You wouldn't believe me any more than they would the lepers when they came to tell of the invading army fled. Like them, it is faith you need. You may despise me, but you can't take from me my faith. You hesitated. You said, Louisville taken? May be so. Cincinnati captured? Perhaps; only there's a good many people living in that town, railways to bring more, and the like. But Washington captured? you asked. Don't know about that. You all believed about the second battle of Manassas which went before all this glorious success; you hemmed and hawed about the rest. Only let me have the humble satisfaction of calling you all to witness this day that I believed it all from the first—second victory of Manassas, capture simultaneously thereafter of Louisville, Cincinnati, Washington—yes, and of Philadelphia and New York City, too, which will soon follow. Is it because I believe in our glorious Davis and Lee and Stonewall Jackson and our gallant army? Not one bit of it. What I believe in is God. From the first I have said, Brethren, here's the only ground to stand on. This whole war is a war for slavery. God teaches plainly in His Word slavery is a divine ordinance. In all the world we are His peculiar people, being the only people on earth who believe in the institution as such. An infidel North, an infidel world against us, but God for us! You have trembled and said, 'Oh, the North is so populous, so rich, so united, so determined—the North is so this, and the North is so that.' All I said is this, Very good, if the North *is* all this and a millionfold more so, what do I care? The God of this Bible is for us. But the whole civilized world is against us. Who cares if all the devils in hell were too? If God be for us, who can be against us? I, all the brethren in our denomination, almost every preacher of every denomination has said the same here at the South—if you would only believe it when you hear it. There in that ninth verse—'We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings; and we hold our peace;' what the lepers said to one another. As I said in taking that text, this being a day of good tidings, I don't intend to hold *my* peace!"



BROTHER BARKER IN A TRAP.

And Brother Barker did not. It was on Sunday morning in his pulpit in Somerville, to his church crowded to its utmost capacity. For a week the news he specifies has been pouring in, increasing in magnitude and being more fully confirmed every mail. Some rejoicings had taken place from its very first arrival; but last night the news was so entirely confirmed that even the most prudent Secessionist in Somerville abandoned any doubt as to its authenticity. Hurrahing until hopeless hoarseness, bonfires, fire-arms from cannon down to the feeblest pistol, bells from the big bell of the Brick Church down to the weakest tea-bell in the hands of baby assisted to hold and shake it! Shaking of hands till exhaustion. Somerville has rejoiced before, but Somerville outdoes Somerville this time. Very properly, the news being by far the most glorious ever received.

Around Mr. Ferguson, sitting grimly aloft in his room, Somerville sweeps and roars like a maelstrom, all the county around sucked into the vortex of rejoicing. Like a hunted lion in his brushy lair, the Scotchman broods in defiant scorn behind his grizzly beard. His only care is to secure each and every dispatch or other printed fragment in relation to the news as it appears, and before it can be whelmed in the torrent of later and fresher tidings, give it a permanent place in his Scrap-book according to its exact date and sequence. It is a very Daniel Lambert of volumes. No easy matter to handle it now, as it lies on a table in the Scotchman's room devoted expressly to it; and it is growing rapidly in these days. Mr. Ferguson has no children, not even a cat, and this is his pet. Mr. Ferguson has no visitors beyond Dr. Warner, Guy Brooks before he left, Mr. Arthur, and one or two more; his business is destroyed for the present; the collection is at once his only business and recreation.

Yes, on this Sunday morning, while Mr. Arthur is preaching the old, obsolete, utterly uninteresting Gospel to quite a small congregation, both he and they none the brighter from a night from which sleep had been routed by the bells—at the same hour Brother Barker actually outdoes and altogether eclipses the Brother Barker of any previous occasion. No wonder. Is not the North now finally defeated? The war is over, as Brother Barker very justly reasons in his sermon. Washington being captured, there is no longer any Northern Government existing to fight. With tears in his eyes he confesses in sermons, and in conversation which fills up all the space between sermons, to a feeling even of deepest pity for this misguided and infidel but now utterly wrecked and ruined people. As he refers to it in the pulpit he has broken down, has turned himself to one side to wipe his eyes and blow his nose. Friends must excuse him, he was born among that infatuated people who have so madly rushed upon their ruin; and so, with a hasty swallow or two and a twenty-fifth sip at the tumbler of water beside him, he tucks his wet handkerchief under the edge of his Bible.

"I know your magnanimous souls, dear friends. Even in this hour of your final triumph you pity your fallen foe. In view of their awful overthrow we all feel to sorrow over them. It was an inscrutable Providence that caused me, no will of my own, to be born there. You will excuse—you know how wicked Jerusalem was, yet you know who wept over it!"

Pardon the hand which records this, but shall not that time be set down as it actually was?

"I have heard from my earliest infancy many, very many sermons; in fact, in the earlier portion of my existence I never heard any thing else," Captain Simmons remarks to a group of friends in the grocery next day, "but I never heard a more brilliant discourse—a more affecting one, parts of it, in my life. My nature revolts from a Yankee, even when a Secessionist, yet I must do Parson Barker justice to say that."

"Bear in your minds, friends, this one thing," reiterates Brother Barker, speaking the almost unanimous sentiment of his denomination South at that hour. "The success of our glorious Confederacy, the destruction of the old United States and the infidel North is the doing of the Almighty. And why? Because he could not be a just God and act otherwise."

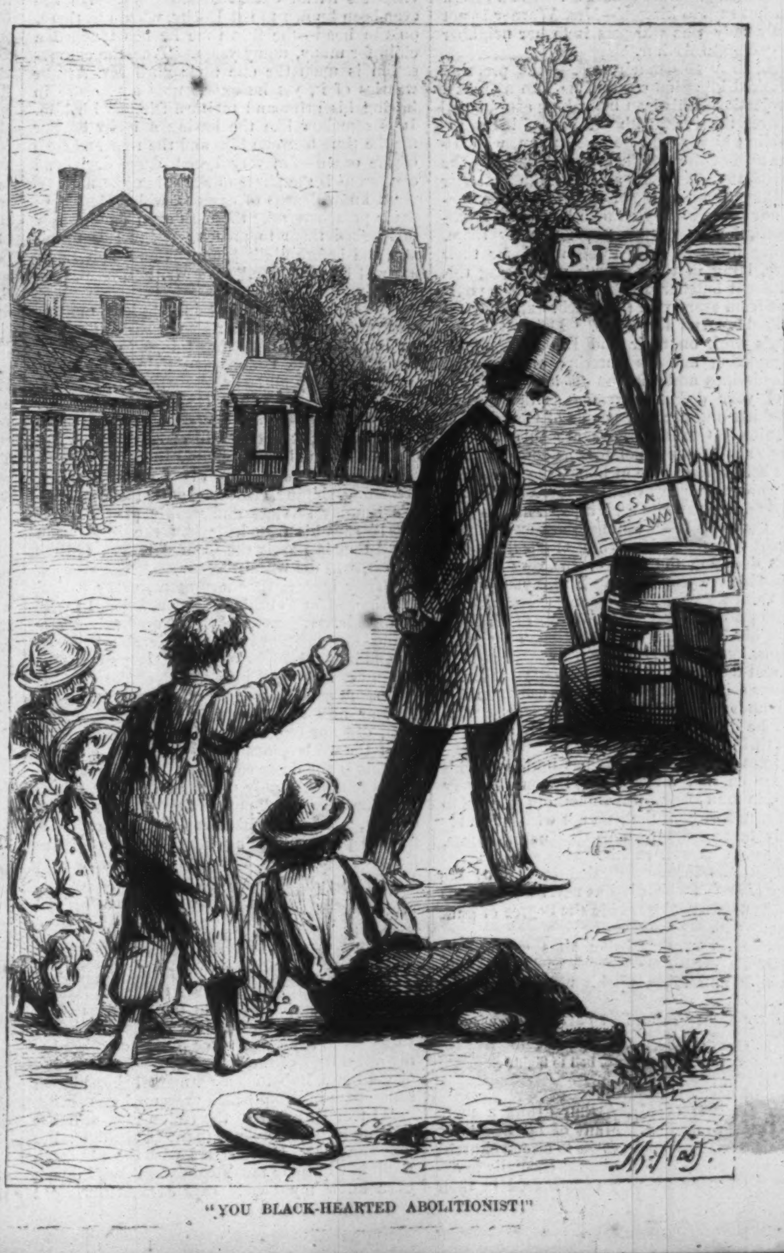
And it is a little singular that the sovereignty of God is the theme, far from the first or the last time, of Mr. Arthur's sermon at the same hour, the grand doctrine, not the same inferences. Though he, too, is dreading this morning in secret lest the will of Heaven may be at last as Brother Barker interprets it—dreading it, rebuking himself for any pain at what Heaven decrees, yet oh that acute, bitter, sickening dread! "Not my will but Thine!" he repeats a thousand times, but oh that it would throb in his very heart as well as on his tongue!

"You observe my condition, friends," says Brother Barker, half an hour later in his discourse. "My bleeding lungs will not permit—I must close. Only I find on the desk a note making request that I will explain a little Scripture before we part. With pleasure will I do so." And that thin, sallow-faced fellow-creature—his lank hair combed back off his forehead and tucked behind his ears, the centre and soul for near two hours now of that crowded church, enjoys, as he leans forward over his cushion, note in hand, a degree of self-satisfaction intense beyond the ordinary allotment of the rest of us.

"I find here," he says, "some questions to answer. I have had no time to examine them. I trust my general knowledge of this blessed Book is sufficient. 'First, What does prophecy mean by the stars of heaven?' An easy question to answer," with a smile: "as I have often told you, by the stars of heaven is meant in prophecy governments, particularly the States which once composed this Union. 'Second, Has prophecy a meaning when it speaks of a third part of the stars of heaven?' Whoever wrote this note could hardly have attended the preaching of your most humble. I've explained it often in the Sunday-school. The smallest child there could tell you the reference is to our Confederate States: thirty-three States at the time of Secession; eleven seceded States. Yes, if there be, as I've often explained, any thing certain, positively certain, in Scripture," says the preacher, slowly, "it is that by a third part of the stars of heaven is meant these Confederate States of America. Very good. 'Third, When Scripture speaks of the great Red Dragon what is meant?' Really, friends," says Brother Barker, smiling, "these questions are too simple; I'm wasting your time. By the Dragon is meant, of course, the Devil, the Adversary, Satan. He is called great because of his terrible power over men. He is called red—the great *red* Dragon—to show that he burns like fire with fury, and because he accomplishes his dreadful purposes against men very often by bloodshed and war. 'A last question: Please say, then, what is meant by Revelation, twelfth chapter, third and fourth verses.' Revelation, twelfth, third—twelfth, third." Brother Barker has his long forefinger on the place in an instant, and reads, without a pause: "'And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads.' All this emblematic," the preacher pauses here to say, "of the devil's terrible power over men; but let us go on: 'And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth—'"

Total silence in the vast audience. Then a perfectly distinct "by George!" from the direction in which Bob Withers is seated, with a tittering among the younger portion, first at Brother Barker's aspect of sudden and total discomfiture, swelling as the meaning of this most unexpected Scripture breaks upon them according to the explanation yet ringing in their ears! The whole congregation at last catch the joke, and join in. The thing comes upon it so suddenly. The reaction of feeling also. The sympathy of a crowd of laughers likewise.

Brother Barker has closed the Bible, very sal-



"YOU BLACK-HEARTED ABOLITIONIST!"

low indeed, and leans himself over the desk with deprecating hand for some time before he can make himself heard.

"Brethren," he begins, at last, in his most solemn tones, "an enemy hath done—" But the congregation has at this instant a fresh sense of the joke, and go off together in another peal of laughter, as audiences sometimes will, as much at Brother Barker himself, the victim, as at the sudden Scripture.

"An enemy, an enemy hath done this," he says at last. "Once before, in my humble labors in the cause of the South and the God of the South, an enemy attempted to wrest Scripture at church in somewhat the same way. I foresaw then and told friends he wrested Scripture to his own destruction. You have all heard the fate, the just fate, of the traitor who did it—the double vengeance of God on him as a traitor both to his country and to his Bible. Like Uzzah, he laid his hand on the Ark of the Lord, and, like Uzzah, he perished for his sin."

But there is laughter breaking forth yet, here and there, among the most thoughtless. Brother Barker grows more livid, his hair seems blacker, his eyes like those of a serpent, his head projected nearer his audience, his long arm shaking a prophetic finger at them.

"I have spoken of the fate of that miserable man's body," he adds; "but what of his immortal soul gone to the Judgment? I tell you, friends, disloyalty to the Confederacy is a sin against God, a great sin. He will damn a man for that as well as for any other sin. The Powers that be are ordained of God; and it goes right on to add: Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves—Damnation!"

But it is impossible to describe the force and zest with which the word passes the speaker's lips.

"As to the person who wrote this"—the preacher holds out the offensive note at arm's-length—"let him look out for himself. He may be here this instant. I tell you, Sir, whoever you are, we have your handwrite. You can not escape. Has it come to this!" wails Brother Barker. "Is it possible there can exist among us men so desperate! Men who can yet cling to our vile foe, cling to it in the very hour that Heaven has finally crushed it beneath its awful wrath! From whom," continues the speaker, after a pause, and with a lower leaning of his body to his audience, as he asks the question, in confidence, of them, "did the writer of this get his Bible passages? The Concordance by which this note was got up belongs," shaking the paper almost to pieces in his extended hand as he speaks, "to a minister of the Gospel now living, this moment preaching, preaching without one prayer for the Confederacy, in Somerville!" And the speaker's silence is more eloquent of meaning than any words could be. Not a grown person but says to himself—Mrs. Warner is not the only lady who whispers it to her neighbor then—"Parson Arthur."

"I will say this much more"—the preacher has worked himself by this time into a frenzy, the projection of his lean body, long arms, small head over the desk, with the hiss of his words resembling him, even to Tim Lamum, who sits on one side of the pulpit, crowded there by the stress of the occasion, and has the preacher in profile, to an enraged serpent—"this moment our brave boys, your own husbands, brothers, sons, lovers, friends are far away there, enduring hunger, cold, intense toil for their country, lying in their heart's gore, being this very instant butchered by a fiendish foe; pouring out from every vein their rich, warm, Southern blood! And for what? Doing the Almighty's work on their and His hellish foes. Yes, pursuing and slaughtering and burning the Louisvilles and Cincinnatis and Washingtons of your defeated tyrants as those other slaveholders and peculiar people of God did the Canaanites! Our dear boys are this moment slaying such of our cruel foes as come in *their* reach; and here are we at home, the same foes right among us, people sitting deliberately, insultingly down to write such a paper as this"—a deadly shake to it—"while we are exulting in our great victories. Men right at our firesides! Adders doubting the news on the very hearthstones which warm them. I tell you what, friends and fellow-citizens"—and the preacher, lower down over his desk, two-thirds of his body toward his breathless congregation, suits eyes and lips, long arms and convulsive hands, face livid and teeth set, to the words—"you should this hour seize the wretches and crush them *like* vipers under your feet!" and the stamp with which he dashes his heel upon their shattered heads thrills every heart.

But not without the conscious uprising in his own bosom, ay, and in the bosom of every Christian man there, of a something adverse to all this, not without that, no not without that!

Only human nature, and that nature yours, dear reader, as well as his. Our common nature; in this instance dizzied in and by the raging of such a whirlwind as never befalls twice a century. Let Him decide the degree of guilt who only can.

Reaction, however, being thus established, Brother Barker draws himself back again into the pulpit and takes up his well-worn hymnbook.

"Sixty-eight Psalm, first part, long measure:

'Let God arise in all his might
And put the troops of hell to flight.'

Brethren, please sing."

Yes, the case of Mr. Arthur grows a more painful one every day. Many of his members, once his warmest friends, cease to attend church; even those whom he knows most cordially to approve his course are very rare indeed in their attendance there, exceedingly shy of being seen conversing with him, even for an instant, on the street. So many whom he once knew pass him on the streets, refusing to speak to him, that he now takes the initiative in that matter, and never himself first salutes any one of whose friendly feeling he entertains the least doubt. The very children are, in more instances than one, prompted to call after him as he passes along. The week after Brother Barker's sermon Mrs. Warner's little son salutes him as "A black-hearted Abolitionist." It is on record that the same child receives, for the first time in many months, an exceedingly severe chastisement from Dr. Warner, followed by a much more severe scourging of the Doctor himself by the tongue of his wife; but who dare raise the sacred veil of their family privacy to explain matters?

In fact, Mr. Arthur's apprehension of the exact standing of a leper in Hebrew society is clearer than it ever was before, with all his reading. But let only truth be told; with all his bitter unpopularity in the community he enjoys a sweeter, more solid peace than ever before.

"It reminds me of the story of the prisoner whose dungeon was curiously constructed to contract around him every day," he says to Mr. Ferguson, who has just read aloud from his portly scrap-book a furious onslaught upon "the miscreant ministers yet lingering among us who refuse to pray for the Confederacy," from the last Somerville *Star*.

"They do their utmost to drive you away. Only go, and they will publish you as having deserted to the Federals, being a hypocrite and a spy all the time you were here," added the Scotchman, upon whom quite a change has passed, by-the-by. Rough, cross, an old bachelor, and a tough Scot, since Guy Brooks has gone—"fled in a base and cowardly manner to our dastardly foes," as the *Star* had it—Mr. Ferguson, whose regard for Mr. Arthur has, since Secession, steadily increased, is now, to him at least, more gentle than he was ever known to be to man before. There is the spirit of John Knox in Mr. Arthur which he can not resist.

"Yes, if you were to go you would leave an odor behind you proving you to have been all along the vilest of wolves in sheep's clothing, just as the smell of brimstone proves a departed visitant to have been the devil." So he comforts his friend.

Heretofore he scarcely ever visited any one. The truth is, he was afraid to leave his collection. Now he lugs and crowds that ponderous volume into the iron safe in which he keeps his land-titles and money, and frequently visits Mr. Arthur in the study of the latter. If busy when his friend enters the minister merely returns the dry Good-morning, and waves the Scotchman to a chair till he gets through. Often Mr. Ferguson mounts his horse, a scrubby, obstinate hack, the very counterpart of his owner, and visits his friend out at Mrs. Sorel's. He has even been known to pat Robby, when out there, on the head—the first time he has touched a child for many, many years. True, the conversation is upon the one topic until Mr. Arthur wearies of it, yet he experiences a pleasure in having his grim and taciturn friend with him. It is somehow like the having a rocky barrier for the time between him and the roar and dash of the ocean—for, very broad, deep, dark, and clamorous is the phase of Secession just now.

"I know dozens of cases in which they have made preachers take the oath even though they furloughed them to preach; resign this morning, and before night Simmons and Tim Lamum will be after you," says Mr. Ferguson, perpetually.

"None of the interest in religious matters among even the best of our people, which I counted on to make up for other things," moans Mr. Arthur. "The Union men flying the country or giving up all heart, despairing of the purpose or the power of the General Government. So many who abhorred Secession have gone into it from a deeper hatred still of Abolition. But oh, this spiritual apathy!"

"Quite a contrast to the fervent praying, preaching, singing, crowding, at that fellow Barker's Sunday services and weekly prayer-meetings!" says his friend. "But the inspiration of all that is purely the Confederacy. It lives with it, will die with it."

"They ignore, for the present, every Gospel doctrine, so far as urging it is concerned, I fear," replies Mr. Arthur. "God is feared principally as the One who may help the Federals; believed in, and invoked, and clung to, mainly as the One who must and shall help the Confederates. It does seem as if their chief affection for the very Saviour now is, because he sanctioned, or, at least, did not expressly condemn, slavery. At heart the truly pious are better than all this, but this is the outer seeming. And I, perhaps, am as fanatical—only the other way."

"The Almighty," puts in the Scotchman, reverently, "is simply witholding his gracious Spirit for the present, leaving men, for the time, to their own ways. There is now a lull in that Divine wind which bloweth as it listeth."

"And, the analogy of Nature, will it prove true here?" says the minister, eagerly, "the strong blowing which seamen know always to follow a calm."

"When His other instrumentalities have got slavery out of the way. Even that man Barker has some blind idea toward the truth. Before this last ridiculous news, they tell me, he had a vast deal to say about some Jonah or other being under deck of the Ship of State—some wedge of gold and Babylonish garment being hidden somewhere in camp which prevented success."

"I fear he refers to the Union men still left unhung in the land—not to the institution; but who can tell? How often I wish I could catch a glimpse of some men's *hearts!* Alas, I do not even know my own!" says Mr. Arthur. "I don't want to speak of myself; but I do feel as if I was actually in jail—my feet in the stocks."

"And midnight upon you; then do as Paul and Silas did, in like case: pray and sing praises to God. The earthquake will come in due time," is the consolation of the Scotchman.

"But so many really good men have gone into this thing—men who hated it at first as much as myself! Some from the influence of others, especially their wives or sons; some because money is to be made in it: some from despair of the success of the Federal Government; some because they are led to regard Heaven as being at last, by its favor, on the side of the South. What pains me most is, that ministers, ministers of our own denomination—men older, wiser, more devoted than I—men superior to me in every sense, should be so thoroughly persuaded and zealous for the Confederacy." And Mr. Arthur's head as he walks his study, wherein this conversation takes place, sinks upon his bosom in deep and painful thought.

The Scotchman sits at the table, apparently turning over the leaves of a Ridgeley's "Body of Divinity" in search of something. Really he is far away in Scotland, standing beside a grave wherein he saw laid, years on years ago, a fair young form, whose blue eyes and flaxen locks are parts of his memory forever. The plumed Hamlet, the white-bearded Lear, the swarthy Othello you see upon the stage are not the only heroes of drama. This grizzly old Scot was not driven apart from men and so deep within himself, more a hermit than if fled to desert and cave, without his tragedy too.

What divine finger touches his heart this morning? Astonished that he had never thought of it before, a new purpose, as his eye rests upon his friend, suddenly blossoms upon him, like the almond bud upon Aaron's dead rod. A new purpose! And like the arrival of the time for the putting forth of buds, it brings a spring and a joy with it even to the wintry old Scot. A purpose, and a substantial one, too, as we shall yet see.

It strikes him—the change in this once enthusiastic young divine, who came to Somerville to accomplish wonders—that is long ago now. The long gallops before breakfast, perhaps. Say it is the plunges the year around into the cold pool. Maybe it is because, in intervals of study, Mr. Arthur toils in Mrs. Sorel's garden so with hoe and spade. Because, once too reliant on others, circumstances in these days have thrown him altogether on himself, perhaps. And it may be for the reason that he has been swimming very long now against a current broad and deep. All the providences of Heaven, from without and from within, have wrought together to make him, bodily, mentally, spiritually, a thousand times the man he once was. Men will turn to look upon him as he passes them hereafter, saying to themselves, "There is one who has had a history." Ay, and one, please God, who has a history before him also.

The Scotchman removes a tumbler of fresh flowers from off an old volume of Shakspeare on the table; and with the sight and smell of the flowers is mingled a fair face he sees at Sunday-school and church. Yes, yes, if God will, there shall be a story, yet unlived, as pleasant as any Winter's Tale or As you Like It in old Shakspeare or out of it: a story of love through years of trial, and, at last, union just the sweeter and more perfect for all that. Not that Mr. Ferguson is perfectly confident; he knows too much of this sorrowful world for that. If it is in my power, he says.

But Mr. Arthur is thinking as he walks of that last visit good Mr. Ellis made him the Saturday before Mr. Ellis's last appearance at church.

"I do not ask you to take an active part," Mr. Ellis had closed a long entreaty with his pastor by saying. "I confess there is much in Mr. Barker's temper and manner which I can not approve. But people tell me every day that you wish the defeat of the Confederacy, the success of the Federals. Assure me this is not so. This is all I ask."

Mr. Ellis had been urging the waning influence and usefulness of his pastor with tears in his eyes; most sincerely is he attached to his pastor and to his church. If he possibly could he would cling to both.

"Being born at the South, it is impossible for me, as for you, to desire any thing other than what is for the welfare of the South. As to the rest, I can only say, God's will in regard to the South be done. He knows what is best for the South; let us leave it to Him."

And Mr. Ellis can by no means be satisfied with that. If Mr. Arthur could only have told him that he can not regard either Secession or slavery as things for which Heaven is likely to fight.

Dark days these for Mr. Ellis. True, the Confederacy has been most wonderfully victorious of late; its ultimate success is a certainty, of course. But then Henry is off in camp, terribly exposed body and soul. The demoralization even among Christian men is frightful. And Mr. Ellis, his expenses becoming heavier every day, is making nothing there in his empty store. Strange to say, there is a love of property developing in Mr. Ellis's bosom which surprises men—an altogether peculiar love. The new emotion surprised himself at first; but he is past that now. In fact, Mr. Ellis is becoming known as, of all Secessionists in Somerville, that one whose feelings are most involved in it. He is nervous, sensitive, quick to take offense, petulant exceedingly when bad news is coming. Far from as liberal, however, toward the object as he was at first. He has been so drained, you see, and doubly drained by its perpetual appeals.

"Who knows, Mr. Ferguson," says Mr. Arthur at last, "but Providence may permit the Confederacy to be established—a Christian nation of slaveholders, off by itself from all intermeddling—to show what Christianity within it can effect on slaves? The world may thus get a new idea of the power of religion; and the slaves may thus be in an admirable training for freedom, if such they are to have at some future period."

"Visionary!" growls the Scotchman. "God works according to laws inherent in the nature of things. We have no Scripture warrant to calculate upon miracles in our case; and this requires a double miracle. Only by a supernatural restraint would the world be held back from such intermeddling. Only by a miraculous increase of the Christianity at the South will owners do more for and with their slaves than heretofore. Did they not *know* that marriage is an ordinance, the relation of parent and child is an ordinance of God, even if slavery is, as well as slavery? Did they assert *those* ordinances for the slave? They have had the opportunity; it is gone from them forever. Christianity? It demands the observance of the parental and marital relation in the case of every disciple, white and black, and that is utterly inconsistent with the very existence of slavery. Let a Christian owner try any improvement upon the culture of his slaves; like a dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail he would be run out of the country, with Abolitionist! fastened to him in no time."

"Well, then," says his theorizing friend, "Heaven may permit the Confederacy to gain its independence, to set up for itself, isolated from all the world, as a nation peculiar in this—that it claims to be Christian, yet on the basis of slavery. The Ruler of all may permit this that said nation may work out its own ruin apart from all the world by the law of self-destruction inherent in every wrong thing; or that, as a distinctively slave yet nominally Christian nation, it may be the object of His swift and direct vengeance."

"I prefer," grumbles Mr. Ferguson, "to take a plainer, more common-sense view. By Secession the South is at arm's-length from the National Government, and Heaven is giving that Government both will and power to scourge the South out of Secession and slavery, and back into civilization, Christianity, the Union, and the nineteenth century. That is the way Providence has worked from creation till now—by means."

But Mr. Arthur's attention is rambling. He has lived all his life at the South; and as he walks up and down there come up into his mind the many instances of oppression, cruelty, corruption, awful sin, which have passed under his own eye in connection with, and the direct and, as human nature is constituted, the necessary fruits of just such an institution. How many, many there are! Were he outside the South he would not mention one of them to a soul. He would not narrate a single instance of them all even to Mr. Ferguson. He almost blamed himself for recalling them to memory. He an Abolitionist, even in thought! Perhaps ten years hence people even at the South will hardly appreciate the horror with which such a man as he shrank then from the thought. He ventures now only this far:

"People say I am not sound, Mr. Ferguson. They are right in a sense. I am very much apart from them. If I could only stand up and speak! I am no true Southern man, they say. As if the believing in and urging on the men and the things which have destroyed, are destroying, my own native soil, as I *know* they are, constitutes that! And here I am gagged, tied hand and foot, not permitted to do or say one thing for my country, dearer to me now than ever. Make a gesture even to save it, and I die. Running daily peril of death for even thinking and feeling—"

"Patience, man!" interrupts his cooler friend. "You can at least preach the Gospel."

"Not all of it. Not the many parts of it bearing directly on the times. No Sunday passes that there are not those at church expressly to see if there is a syllable in sermon or prayer upon which they can lay hold. More than once I have had persons throw themselves, as if casually, in my way, who spoke in denunciation of slavery and Secession expressly to trap me. But if it was not for this spiritual apathy into which we have all fallen! I pray, I strive, I can not move it even though as with the finger of an infant. I can not even grapple with it in my own bosom. Powerless, absolutely powerless!" and he falls into a chair and covers his face with his hands.

"Only mortified pride," says the Scotchman, with the promptitude of a surgeon. "Heaven would use you if it needed you. Who knows? You may be in training for future usefulness. And then you may not be: only an atom, any way! When you have learned your own entire feebleness you may lean upon Heaven enough for it to use you in the future."

"I feel at times as if there is no future," rejoins Mr. Arthur, after a silence. "That is, as if I had reached the end of my career. No country left me. The very Church of God powerless, or worked as the most powerful of all engines to delude and destroy the South. I will tell you what is about all my consolation just now"—drawing a Concordance toward him as he sits at the table.

The Scotchman patiently listening, the young theologian proceeds, with alacrity and increasing cheerfulness as he makes his points more and more past all doubt from Scripture, to prove conclusively that the world will end, in all probability, in a year or so. He rapidly explains from Daniel and Revelation the twelve hundred and sixty years; no doubt on *that* point. Now for the exact date from which this period is to date. Scott, Henry, Dr. Cummings, Gibbon—Milman says differently, but isn't to be trusted—dozens of books are torn down from the shelves and consulted. The Emperor Phocas *did* declare Gregory universal bishop in 606 A.D. "Can you show me on what ground we are to doubt it?" asks Mr. Arthur, eagerly. "Now add 606—please do it yourself on that slip of paper—to the twelve hundred and sixty."

"For the year in which the world is to end? I can calculate without ciphering," says the grizzled Scotchman, with amusement under his beard. "Exactly eighteen hundred and sixty-six."

"But really and in good earnest," pleads his friend, as if for a gift. "You know I never indulge in idle speculations in private or in public; but it really does look as if it *may* be the year of the end of all. God in mercy grant it!"

"All stuff, man!" says the callous Scotchman, rising from his seat with a yawn. "You would not say so if you had heard to-day of the final success of the Federals, not even if you had heard of any great victory on their part. Nonsense, man! Of that day and that hour—you remember." And Mr. Ferguson, conscious of the flowers on the table, the fair face he sees at Sunday-school, and the youth and energy of his friend, of his own new purpose too, says, emphatically, "For one, *I* hope not.

"Besides," adds the Scot, in his own room, half an hour later, and with his collection open on its table before him, "it would be the greatest pity," passing his hand lovingly over the pasted pages, "the greatest pity in the world for such a collection as this to be burned up incomplete, even if it is by a world on fire!" and thereupon Mr. Ferguson falls into meditation as to what kind of binding will be good enough for said collection; and which of the Edinburgh public libraries most worthy of it at his death—all when the Confederacy is exploded. "My only fear is *it* will not last long enough!" he adds.

TWENTY-FIVE DARK HOURS.

I'M what we calls a ganger, and have so many men under me when we're making a new line o' rail. I passed best part o' my time in the country; but I have worked on the lines in France and Spain; but what I'm about to tell you happened in London, where we'd sunk a shaft right down, and then was tunneling forrards and backards—the shaft being to get rid of your stuff, and sometimes for a steam-engine to be pumping up the water. It's rather dangerous work, and a many men gets hurt; but then a great deal of it's through carelessness, for lots of our fellows seems as though the whole o' their brains is in their backs and arms, where they're precious strong, and nowheres else; but I'd got so used to it that in cutting or tunnel it was all the same to me, and now I was busy supering the men digging, and sometimes bricklaying a bit, so that I thought werry little about danger when I'd seen as all the shores and props was well in their places.

It was just at the end o' the dinner-hour one day, and I was gone down the shaft to have a good look round before work begun again, and I'd got my right-hand man, Sam Carberry, with me. It was a new shaft, about thirty foot deep, with ladders to go down, and a windlass and baskets for bringing up stuff and letting down bricks and mortar.

We hadn't tunneled more than p'r'aps some ten or a dozen foot each way, so as you may suppose it was werry fresh—green, as we calls it; and I wasn't quite satisfied about the shoring up, and so on, for you know fellows do get so precious careless when once they've got used to danger; and as for some of our big navvies, why they're jest like a set o' babies, and for every thing else but their regular work they're quite as helpless. Tell 'em to fill a lorry, or skid a wheel, or wheel a barrer, they'll do it like smoke; but as to taking care o' themselves—but there, I needn't say no more about that—just look at the great, good-tempered, lolloping fellows! A man can't have it all ways; and if he's got it all in bone and muscle, why 'tain't to be expected as he's going to have all the brains too.

"That's giving a bit there, Sam," I says, a-pointing to one part o' the shaft where the earth was a-bulging and looked loose. "That ain't safe. There'll be a barrer full o' stuff a-top o' somebody's head afore the arternoon's over. That's the rain—that is. Take your mell and knock out that lower shore, and we'll put it a couple o' foot higher up. Mind how you does it!" Sam nods his head, for he was a chap as never spoke if he could help it, and then he gets up, while I takes a look or two at the brickwork, so as not to be done by the men, nor yet dropped on by the foreman. Then I hears Sam banging away at the bit o' scaffold-pole, and directly after it comes down with a hollow sound; and then there was a rattling o' loose gravelly earth as I peeps out, and then feels as though my heart was in my mouth, for I shouts out: "That's the wrong one!" But in an instant Sam dropped to the bottom, and as he did so it seemed as though some one drew a curtain over the hole, and then I felt a tremendous blow on the chest, and was driven backward and dashed up against the wood scaffolding in the tunnel, and I suppose I was stunned, for I knew nothing more for a bit. Then it seemed as though I was being called, and I sorter woke up; but every thing was dark as pitch and silent as death, and, feeling heavy and misty and stupid, I shut my eyes again, and felt as if going to sleep, for there didn't seem to be any thing the matter to me. It was as though something had shut up thought and sense in the dark, and not a wink of light could get in. But while I was in a sort of dreamy, comfortable state, I lay there perfectly still till a groaning noise roused me, when thought came back with a blinding flash, and so sharp was that flash that my brain seemed scorched, for I knew that I was buried alive.

For a few minutes I stood where I first rose up in a half-stooping position, with my head and shoulders touching the poles and boards above me; but a fresh groan made me begin to feel about in the darkness, and try to find out where I was, and how much room I had to move in. But that was soon done, for at the bottom there was about a yard space, and as far up as I could reach it seemed a couple of yards, while the other way there was the width of the tunnel. I dared not move much, though, for the earth and broken brickwork kept rolling and crumbling in, so that every moment the space grew less, and a cold sweat came out all over my face, as I thought that I should soon be crushed and covered completely up. Just then, however, another groan sounded close by me, and for the first time I remembered Sam Carberry, and began feeling about in the direction from whence the sound came.

Bricks, bits o' stone, crumbling gravel, the uprights and cross-pieces and bits of board all in splinters, and snapped in two and three pieces, with their ragged ends sticking out of the gravel. But I could feel nothing of Sam, and I sat down at last, panting as though I had been running, and there was the big drops a-rolling off me, while I drew every breath that heavy that I grew wild with horror and fear; for it seemed as though I shouldn't be able to breathe much longer, and then I must be stifled. It was awful, the thoughts of all that; and had such an effect on me, that I dashed about like a bird in a cage—now here, now there—in mad efforts and struggles to get out. I cried, "Help, help!" and swore and tore about, jumping up and plunging my hands into the earth; till at last, panting, and bleeding, and helpless, I lay upon the gravel crying like a child.

Ah! That did me good, and seemed to clear my thoughts, and make me mad with myself to think I had been wasting my strength so for nothing, when perhaps I might have been doing something toward making my escape; and while I was thinking like this, all at once I started, for there was a groan again close to my head; then, after feeling about a bit, I got my hand upon a bit of broken board, when I *felt* a groan again, and then, after searching about, found that underneath the board was a face which, by scratching away the earth, I could touch, and feel to be warm.

The first thing I did was to start up and strike my head violently against a cross-piece, so that I was half stunned; and then I began to feel about for a shovel till I got hold of a handle, and found that the rest was so tightly bedded in the soil, that I must have been a good hour grubbing it out with my fingers. But I kept leaving off to go and speak to the face, which I knew must be that of Sam Carberry; and though, poor fellow, it did him no good, he being quite insensible, yet it did me good, for there was company—I was not alone—and after leaving off that way now and then, I worked again like a good 'un till the shovel was at liberty; for while I was hard at work I had no time to think about any thing else.

And now, though I could feel that poor Sam was breathing, he didn't groan; and I began with the shovel to try and set his face more at liberty; but at the first trial I threw down the tool with a horrible cry, as the loose gravel came rattling down, and in another minute the poor fellow's face would have been completely covered if I had not thrust myself against the earth and kept it back.

If I could only have kept from thinking I would not have cared; but now that I was forced to keep still and hold up the earth, the thoughts would keep coming thick and fast, and mixed up with them all were coffins—black cloth coffins with white nails; black coffins with black nails; elm coffins; work-house shells; and inside every one of 'em I could see myself lying stiff and cold. There was one light-grained elm, which looked sometimes quite like a little speck right off in the distance, and then came gradually closer, and closer, and closer, till it seemed as though the next moment it would crush me, or drive me into the earth where I was crouching; then it would gradually go back further and further till it was quite a speck again. Then there were processions o' people in black, constantly crowding by.

Now and then there was a noise of a stone falling or a little bit of rolling earth, else all was as still and silent as if there wasn't such a thing as hearing. It was so still that the quietness was horrible, and I began to talk out loud for the sake of having something to hear; and then I listened again, hoping to hear the sounds of pick and spade, for I knew they would be trying to dig us out, alive or dead.

"That'll be it," I says out aloud; "they'll dig, and dig, and dig till they gets to us; but then they've got all the stuff to get up the shaft, and shore up again as they goes, and I shall be gone long before they gets to me!"

Then the horror of death came again, and I leaped up and beat myself about till I was drenched with blood and sweat, and then I lay still again, with my heart throbbing and beating, and, try what I would, I couldn't get enough breath. I tried to reach the face of my poor mate, and I found it still warm, and that the earth had not settled over it. It was company to be able to touch it so long as he was alive; but I thought about what must come, and then shivered as I felt that I should scrape the loose gravel over it, and creep to the far end of the narrow hole. And now I began, for the first time, to think about home, and my two girls, and their mother; and there was no comfort there, for I began to wonder what was to become of them when I was gone. Quietly as could be I calculated what my funeral would cost the Odd Fellows, and then about the allowance there'd be for my people out o' the Widow and Orphan's Fund, and then I thought how things might have been worse than they was. At last of all, I feels quiet and patient like, and, for the first time since I'd been buried, I was down on my knees with my face in my hands.

I don't know how long I stopped like that, when all at once I fancied I heard a voice speaking, and I started up; but it sounded no more, and as I sat listening I could see again all sorts of things coming and going. Now it was coffins; now strange-looking beasts and things without any particular shape; and as they moved, and coiled, and rolled forward, I kept feeling as though they must touch me; but no, they glided off again, and at last, to keep from thinking, I stripped off coat and waist-coat, and, groping about till I got hold of the shovel, I cried out, "God help me!" and began to try and dig a way out.

"Every man for himself!" I half roared, and the curious, stifled sound of my voice frightened me; but I worked on till I had thrown back a few spadefuls, when I found that I had put it off too long, and that I could do nothing but sink down, panting for air. I couldn't keep off the idea that something was pressing down upon me and trying to force out my breath; at last this idea got to be so strong that I kept thrusting out my hands and trying to push the something away. I don't know how time went, but at last I was lying, worn out and helpless, upon the ground, feebly trying to grub or burrow a way out with my fingers.

All at once I remembered poor Sam, and after a good deal of groping about I found the board again, and laid my hand upon his face, but only to snatch it away with a chill running through me, for it was as cold as ice. Then I tried to touch his breast, but soon gave up; for, with the exception of his face, he was completely bedded in the earth, while the board had only saved him at the first moment from instantaneous death.

I crept as far off as I could; for now it seemed that death was very, very near me, and that my own time must be pretty well run out.

I won't tell you how weak I was again, and how all my past actions came trooping past me. There they all were, from boyhood till the present; and I couldn't help groaning as I saw how precious little good there was in them—just here and there a bright spark among all the blackness. At last I began to think it was all over, for a heavy, stupid faintness came over me, and I battled against it with all my might; but it was like—to me, there, in that darkness—like a great bird coming nearer and nearer with heavy shadowy wings; and as I tried to drive it off it went back, but only to come again, till at last the place seemed to fade away; for after groping round and round the place such a many times I seemed to see and know every bit of it as well as if I saw it with my eyes, till it faded away, and all seemed to be gone.

Nex' thing as I remembers is a dull "thud-thud-thudding" noise, and it woke me up so that I sat holding my head, which ached as though it would split, and trying to recollect once more where I was; and I s'pose my poor mind must have been a bit touched, for I could make nothing out until I had crawled and felt about a few times over, when once more it all came back with a flash, and I remember thinking how much better it would have been if I had kept half stunned, for now I knew what the noise was, and I could hardly contain the hope, which seemed to drive me almost mad. Would they get to me before I was dead? Could I help them? Would they give up in despair and leave me?

I lay listening to the "thud-thud-thud" till all at once it stopped, and the stillness that succeeded was so awful that I shrieked out, for I thought they had given up digging. But the dull, distant sound roused me again, and once more I lay listening and counting the spadefuls that I knew were being laboriously and slowly thrown out. Now I was crying weakly, now foaming at the mouth, every now and then the noise could not be heard; at last, when I could just faintly hear the sound of voices, and tried to shout in reply, I found I couldn't do more than whisper.

All at once the earth came caving in again, and I was half buried. Weak as I was, it took me long enough to get free, and to crawl up and sit behind an upright post or two: and it was well I did; for no sooner was I there than the gravel caved in again, and I heard a shout, saw a flash of light, and then was jammed close into the corner, and must have been suffocated but for the wood framing about me, which kept the earth off. But as I sat wedged in I could hear the sound of the shovels and picks, and I knew how men would toil to get out a brother-workman. And now, feeling quite helpless and resigned, I tried my best to pray for my life, or, if not, for mercy for what I had done wrong.

"Ain't nobody here?" said a voice, as it seemed to me in the dark, and I could not speak to cry for help.

"Must be," said another voice. "Poor chap's under them planks!" And then come that sound of shovels again, and then a loud hurraying, and I felt hands about me, and that I was being carried, and something trickled into my mouth. Then voices were buzzing about me more and more, and I began to feel able to breathe, and I heard some one say, "He's coming to;" and then one spoke, and then another spoke, and I knew I was being taken up the shaft; but all was as it were in a dream, till I heard a loud scream, and felt two arms round me, and knowing that now I was saved indeed, I tried to say, "Thank God!" but could only think it.

After a bit I managed to speak, but I suppose I said all sorts of foolish, unconnected things, till I asked the time, when the voice that revived me so whispered in my ear that it was nearly three.

"And how long was I there?" I got out at last.

"Twenty-five hours!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE practical but very unpoetical use to which the citizens of New York have condemned the first of May has robbed that festive day of olden times of all its charms. The smiling, blooming month, when bursting buds and singing birds invite to universal rejoicing under the "bright'ning fields of ether," is, with us, devoted chiefly to unpacking furniture, and "getting settled." It is really a desecration of the bright spring-time; and the poet's words are thereby, in part, falsified:

"The merry May hath pleasant hours, and dreamily they glide,
As if they floated, like the leaves, upon a silver tide;
The trees are full of crimson buds, the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music, like a tune with pleasant words."

In many country towns there still exists the pretty custom of Maying. The young folks are roused at daybreak by the ringing of the village bell, or, wanting that, by special call of some sleepless youth. They penetrate the woods, and, upturning the dead, damp leaves, or, perchance, brushing away a lingering layer of snow, discover the hiding-place of the sweet trailing arbutus, that delicate May flower, whose fragrant, pink blossoms are woven into a garland to crown the chosen Queen of May.

The denizens of our city who may, for a shilling, any day buy a bunch of spring violets from the little flower-girls on Broadway, do not understand the peculiar pleasure of finding the earliest blossoms in their native woods, unless, by chance, they have the memory of their childhood's home in the country.

The culture of flowers is a delightful occupation. In the city, however, there is little opportunity for it. A plot of ground a few feet square, which most likely the laundress monopolizes every Monday, or a narrow border around the little yard, is the average allowance. Nevertheless wonders can be accomplished in a little space by skillful management. And if ladies, who, in general, have the requisite skill and taste, will give a little attention to the matter now they will be repaid by-and-by. It need not be an arduous labor. A gardener will prepare the soil properly in half a day; and, if a lady will sacrifice her usual promenade for a few days, the time thus gained will enable her easily to accomplish the rest, and, we think, she will not lose her rosy cheeks in consequence. In selecting seeds and plants the simple, hardy varieties, and those which will blossom through the season, usually give more satisfaction than the more delicate kinds, which require special care. Mignonnette, Heliotropes, Verbenas, Monthly Roses, Pinks, etc., can always be depended upon. Chrysanthemums, Phlox, Asters, and similar plants will brighten the beds in autumn. So that by making a judicious selection one may have bouquets from her own garden all through the season. Let the children, too, come in for their share of the work and of the flowers. Give Harry and Lucy a tiny bed of their own, and show them how to drop in the seeds. If you will provide a little watering-pot, and let them pull up the weeds, of course they will pull up the plants too, their happiness will be complete.

Women, all the world over, love flowers: and there is no gift to them more delicate and appropriate than a bouquet of fresh blossoms. It is not, however, quite so generally understood that gentlemen often have an equally keen enjoyment of them; nor that it is an equally graceful tribute for a lady to place flowers upon the writing table, or by the breakfast plate of husband or brother, for his especial gratification. We know some gentlemen who particularly enjoy a bouquet for breakfast; and, doubtless, others would find one very appetizing as the warm weather comes on. It might answer instead of a *tonic* or *bitters*.

The Central Park is putting on its fresh spring dress. The "season" will open—weather permitting—on the first Saturday afternoon of May, by a concert. The musical pagoda has been repaired and repainted—a great variety of rustic seats have been added; and, indeed, throughout the Park much has been done during the winter to increase its beauty and render it attractive. The improvements are most apparent in the upper section, which has hitherto been in a comparatively unfinished condition.

When "The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is incorporated and exerts its authority, it may become possible to pass through Broadway and our other thoroughfares without being distressed by seeing overloaded or prostrate, struggling horses. At present it is seldom possible.

The following singular statistics of matrimonial life in Paris are reported:

During the past twelve months 2344 wives have fled the conjugal roof without leaving their future addresses; of husbands who have done likewise there are 4427; of married couples legally separated (not divorced) there are 7115; of ditto who have agreed to live apart, 5340; of husbands and wives living at daggers drawn, 31,912; of happy couples, 43; of mutually indifferent, 61,430.

If this Parisian fashion is liable to prevail in this country more extensively than at present, some remedies should be circulated to check the epidemic. There must be plenty of them. Let us see. Here is a recipe for keeping a husband and making him good-natured:

"Keep his linen in prime condition, with the requisite degree of stiffness; never let him know the want of a button; give him well-broiled beef-steak, wholesome bread, and a sparkling cup of coffee for his breakfast; keep squalling babies and broken crockery out of his sight; do not annoy him with the blunders and extravagance of 'Biddy;' greet his evening arrival with a clean, lightsome face, well-combed hair, and a welcome kiss; have ready a cheerful supper, a bright fire in the grate, an easy-chair, with comfortable gown and slippers; be merry, and tell him some agreeable news; finally, give him a well-made bed in a cozy chamber."

Very good. Now—well—verily, our moral cook-book does not contain a single recipe for making and keeping a good wife. That is strange. The inference is plain. Either wives as a class are not *tender* enough to be worth *preserving* any way, or else husbands have not skill enough to follow a recipe if they had one.

It is a matter of surprise—while threading our way through the flocks of children that run wild in the streets without any apparent care—that *any* of them should live to grow up. We should think they would be killed *a dozen* times where they are *once!* But careless as parents are about exposing their children to the dangers of the street, it seems reckless for a mother or nurse to suffer a child to thrust head and arms from an open car window as they often do. A sad and not unfrequent accident occurred the other day on one of the city cars which should be a warning to all. A passenger sat with his elbow out of the window, when the stake of an empty cart struck it. The arm was jammed so violently against the window-post as to shake the whole car. The poor man said, "My arm is broken," and sank back and fainted.

The death of Dr. H. G. Ollendorf, so well known by his systems for acquiring foreign languages, is reported. He was a German Jew, of insignificant personal appearance, and although he had amassed a considerable fortune, he lived penuriously in the fourth or fifth story of a great chocolate factory in the Rue Richelieu. He had an immense number of pupils, although his rude and insolent manners drove many away from him. He was about sixty years old, and leaves a wife and children who inherit his estate.

Somebody—we are unable to give the authority—reports the following childish "*wonders*," each one of which is suggestive enough for a text:

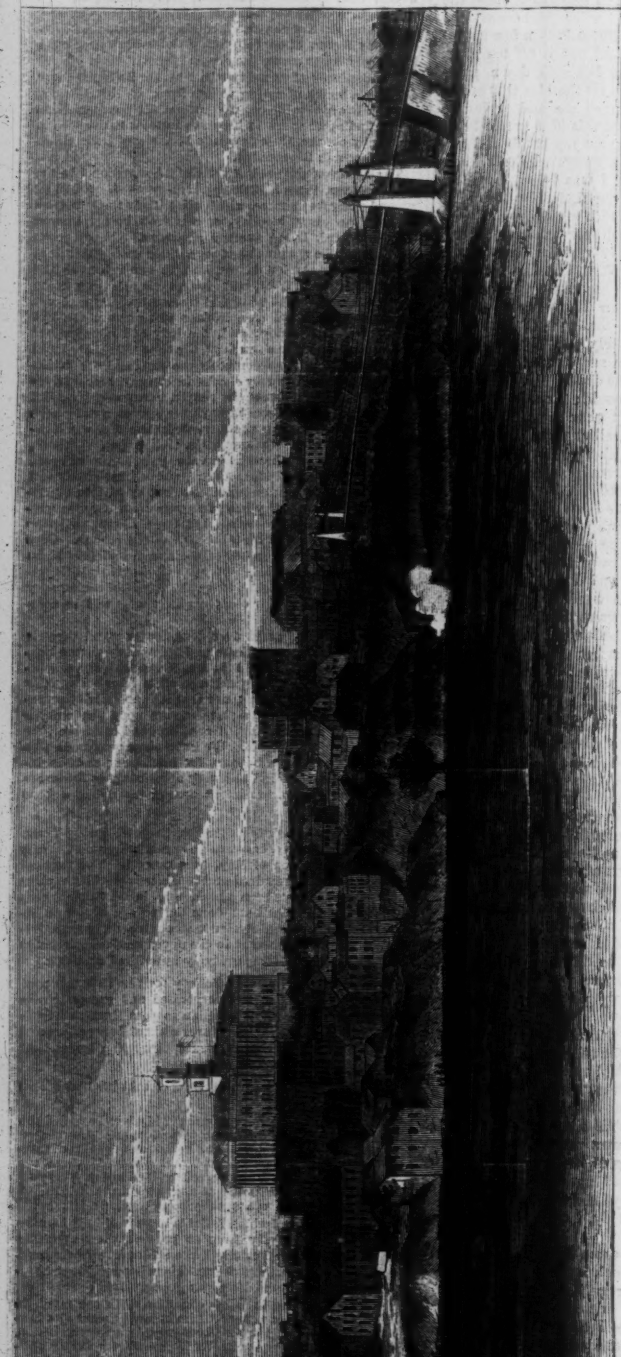
Wonder why mamma keeps Bridget at home from church to work all day, and then says it is wicked for me to build my rabbit-house on Sunday?

Wonder why our minister bought that pretty cane with the yellow lion's head on the top, and then asked me for my cent to put in the missionary box? Don't I want a Jew's-harp just as well as he wanted a cane?

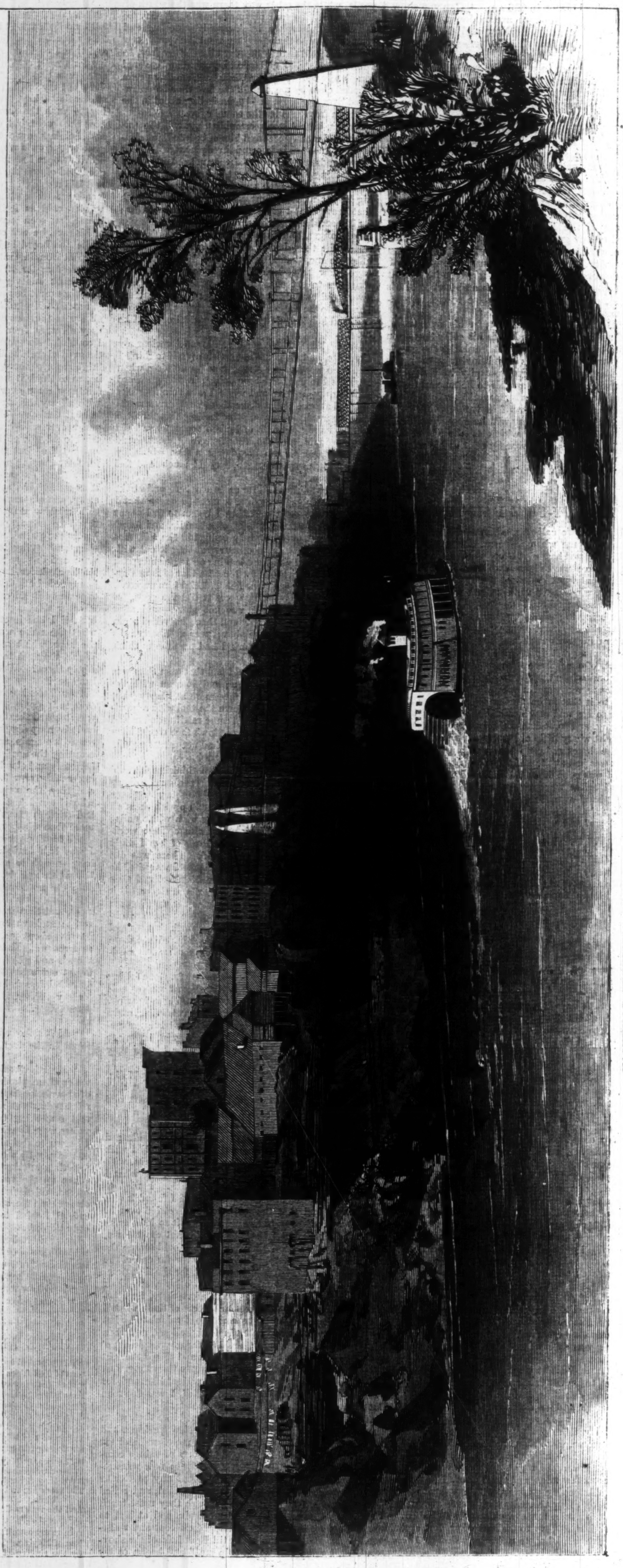
Wonder what makes papa tell such nice stories to visitors about his hiding the master's ratan when he went to school, and about his running away from the school-mistress when she was going to whip him, and then shut me up all day in a dark room because I tried once to be as smart as he was?

Wonder what made papa say that wicked word when Betsy upset the ink all over his papers, and then slapped my ears because I said the same thing when my kite-string broke?

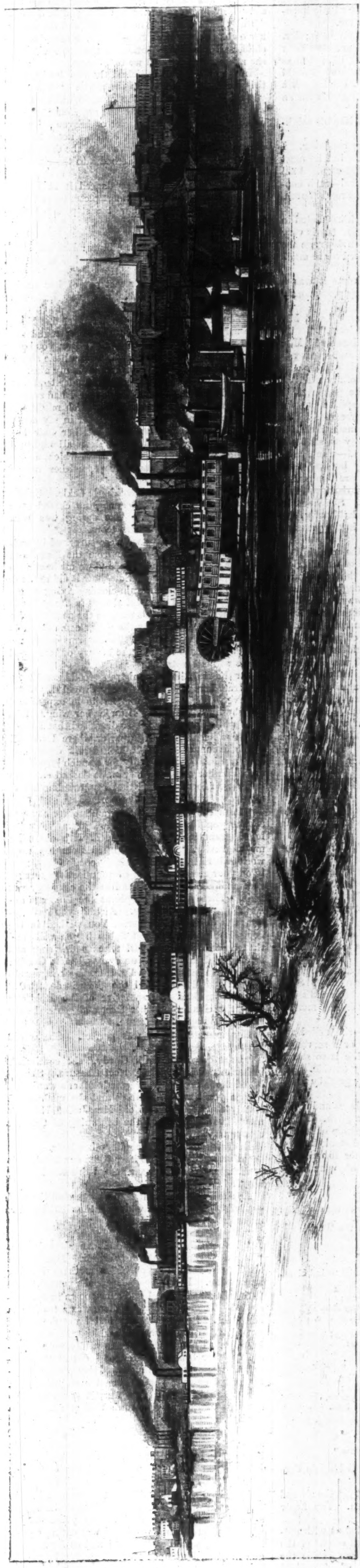
Wonder why mamma told Bridget the other day to say that she was not at home when Tommy Day's mother called, and then puts me to bed without any supper every time I tell a lie?



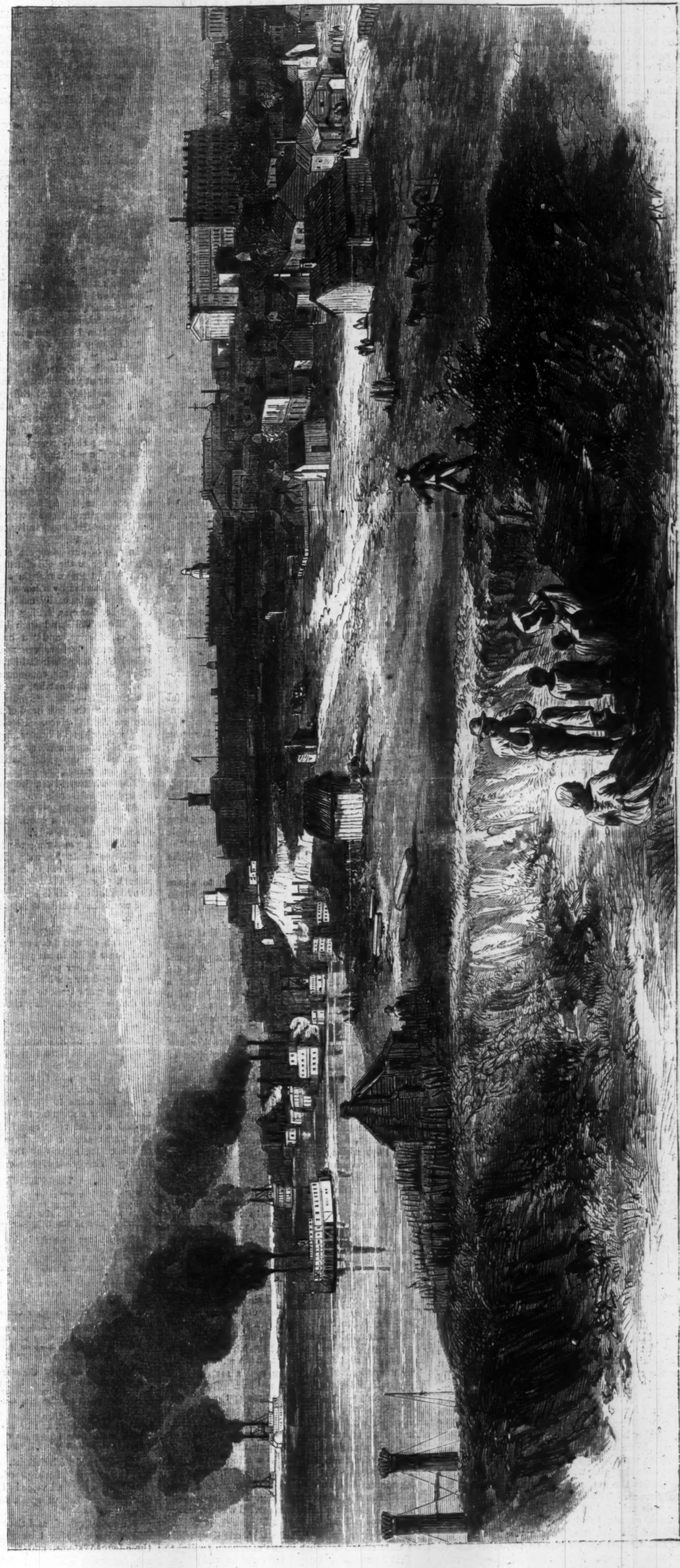
NASHVILLE, FROM EDGEFIELD.



NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE CUMBERLAND.—[SEE PAGE 286.]



LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY—IRON-CLADS PASSING LOUISVILLE FALLS AT HIGH WATER ON THE OHIO.—[See Page 286.]



CITY OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, AFTER THE WAR.—[See Page 286.]

THE PASSION OF MARTIN HOLDFAST.

THERE were ten of us; but four brothers and five sisters had died ere I reached manhood. So, too, had my father and mother. I was left quite alone in the old house—half manor-house, half farm-house—before I was five-and-twenty.

I know not on God's earth a more abandoned and desolate spot than that on which the original Holdfast had chosen to establish his house. Along the northeastern seaboard of Bentshire runs a long range of sandy hillocks. They are as deserted as the desert. A few conies burrow in their sides, and when spring returns the shy curlew lays her eggs among the bent. Between the sandy rampart and the sea was a slice of navigable country, perhaps a mile in breadth. This narrow strip runs from the mouth of the Blackwater a dozen miles to the north. The population is thin and scattered. There are some half-dozen farm-houses; the cottages of a few fishermen under the lee of the Giant's Crag (which forms and protects a miniature harbor); Marvell Park, upon a bend of the Blackwater; and in its near neighborhood the Heughs. And the Heughs is the farm manor-house of which I have spoken, where the Holdfasts had lived and died, and where I—Martin Holdfast—was born. The gaunt old house had once been gay enough; but its cheerfulness had died out as the unnoted years went by.

I had been brought up in a gloomy creed. Hell was to me a tremendous reality before I had cut my first teeth. I was taught in the nursery that God was a terrible tyrant, who delighted in taking vengeance and in shedding blood. As I grew up the scheme was explained to me with amazing distinctness. We had it all laid down for us at school in the form of question and answer; and even to-day I can not look at the old text-book, over whose awful and wicked riddles teacher and pupil—the pupil being ten years old—puzzled themselves daily without feelings of indignation, horror, and astonishment:

Other lads could repeat this lesson without appearing to attach any weight to the words; but I could not. I was tormented by this vision which the gloomy logic of a theologian had conjured up—this vision of a race which a jealous God had created for eternal torment. I reflected, and I rebelled. To hold to such a faith would, I felt, drive me into the direst unbelief. I did not know who God might be; but I was determined, at all hazards, to deny that he looked with cruel complacency upon the agony of his creatures. On this ground I might find rest for the sole of my foot—for a time at least.

But Hackaback and Blastem, our parsons, did not stop here. I knew that Dr. Hackaback was at the dinner-table very much like other men—that he played a respectable rubber, and was particular about his port. Yet when he mounted the pulpit he told us that the world and the things of the world were accursed; that our bodies were the servants of Satan; that we were to flee not merely from the wrath to come, but from all that seemed to make life beautiful and desirable—the lusts of the flesh, as he called them. Mr. Blastem was by nature ascetical, and I believe that, more or less, he practiced what he preached. But my w[illegible] revolted against the doctrine.

I had been designed for "the ministry;" but my teachers found that I was possessed by an evil spirit of unbelief, and they let me go. And then, gun in hand, I wandered across desolate moorlands or by the sleepless sea, day after day, and left the theologians to carry on their windy war. The old place was very lonely by this time; but when a man is hardy in body and soul; loving the open air, his gun, his horses, his dogs; when he is five-and-twenty years old and six feet two in his stockings, he has no right to be permanently unhappy.

Nor was I—only I felt that the color of the life which I had inherited was somewhat gray. It wanted color and brilliancy. I was passingly happy in the excitement of the chase; but our rustic merrymakings were not lively. Phillis had soft pensive eyes, not averse to love; but then her hands were red and lumpy, and the old farmer's views about the weather were as tedious as a sermon by Dr. Hackaback. The fishers' life did not lack adventure; how could it, when their field of battle and glory was the sea: yet on land, though good fellows in the main, they were sadly prosy; and their serious talk had a flavor of Blastem which was not seductive.

There was one house, indeed, which was not utterly hard and prosaic and unlovely, like the rest. An air of romance—the only romance I thought that lingered any where about—blew through Marvell Park. But Marvell Park was empty, and had been empty for many years.

The chief approach to the Park is distant about a mile from the gaunt old house that I have been describing. The Marvell mansion looks down upon the Blackwater—here half sea, half river. Twice a day

The salt-sea water passes by,
And makes a silence in the hills.

Of the present Marvells I knew little or nothing. I knew indeed that the old lord, who had lived, not at Marvell Park, but at some princely palace in a remote Highland county, had recently died. I knew that he had, per force, left the title and the bulk of his estates to a son whom he had driven from the castle, because he (the son) had unfilially persisted in attending the parish church of a Sunday when he was needed to make the fourth at a rubber; I knew that he had left Marvell Park to a distant cousin—a plain Henry Marvell, who had long held a high diplomatic post at a Continental Court. More than this I did not know, and my ignorance was shared by all my neighbors.

Opposite the point where at low-water the Blackwater joins the sea, a dyke or embankment has been formed. The land lies low, and, until this dyke was raised, had been frequently flooded. I sat here, gun in hand, one afternoon about the middle of the month of February. The tide was full, and washed the pebbles on the other side of the dyke. It was a true February day—cold, cheerless, inhospitable. The evening shadows were already gathering into the sky while I sat and watched the ducks as they flew up and down the bends of the river, and an old seal which thrust its bullet-head occasionally above water to squint at the salmon-nets. Angus, the tacksman, had urgently implored me to free him from the depredations of this wily old rascal. He declared, with tears in his eyes, that it had made his life a burden to him. It had had a bite out of every large salmon he had caught this year, and once or twice, when entangled among the nets, it had viciously smashed them right and left. The old thief was keeping his distance just now, but a bright-eyed vigilant northern diver was sailing within shot. He had come up with the tide, and, having finished his afternoon meal, was looking about him before going off to sea. I had raised my gun, half-minded to give him the benefit of a cartridge, when the sound of skates on the frozen canal at my back—shrill in the frosty stillness—caught my ear, and I turned round.

Artemis and her train! one of her nymphs at least. On she came, with the swift, lithe, indolent ease of an accomplished skater—hissing through the keen February air—her cheeks rosy with the cold and the fleetness of her flying feet. *She* came; who, I knew not; I knew only that a lovely apparition had rushed swiftly out of the February gloom and had steadied herself at my side. Color enough for you, my pre-Raphaelite masters! A dark purple jacket, a skirt of the same color, only a shade lighter, looped up above an orange petticoat; a wide-awake, covered with the skin of some strange animal—a leopard or panther—with a blackcock's feather stuck coquettishly at the side. I could not tell whether her face was pretty or the reverse; but I felt at least that she was supremely graceful, that every movement betrayed an exquisite *abandon*, that each supple limb was soft and pliant and obedient to the lightest behest of the soul.

She had stopped at my side, but she did not notice me at first. "How beautiful!" she whispered to herself, as she looked across the embankment. A wintry gleam of sunshine had struck the sand-hills, making them all golden, and lighted up for a passing moment the sullen sea. "How beautiful!" and then suddenly, with a little cry of pain, "Ah! my foot!"

She stooped to undo her skate, and then she saw me. She took me, perhaps, for a poacher or vagrant, for she gave a sharp, hurried glance backward along the canal; but her alarm, if she felt any, lasted but a moment. "I am afraid I must trouble you," she said, turning her eyes full upon me. "I must ask you, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"Holdfast," I answered, for her voice interrogated.

She smiled; then I saw rightly how beautiful she was. Her smile lighted up her face as the sunrise lights up the sea.

"I am so glad! You are our neighbor, you know—or rather, you don't know. Could you undo my skate? It hurts my ankle. I am May Marvell."

She held out her foot—a small, clean-cut, shapely foot, cased in a matchless little boot. A few inches of mauve stocking, tight and taut, were visible above the boot; for her petticoat, without being exactly scrimp, was obviously a very serviceable article, not by any means designed to restrict the free use of the limbs. I loosened her skate, and she thanked me with easy composure.

"I have lost John, our fat coachman, to whose care I was made over. The ice must have given way with him. But, though it gets dark at mid-day here, I can not lose my way, can I?"

I explained to her as well as I could that there was a short-cut across the bents to Marvell, and offering to show her the way to the Park gate, advised her to quit the ice and her skates. She did so at once—with perfect docility, and without a shadow of distrust, accepting the guidance of a stranger. That February walk through the gathering gloom decided the course of my life. Her manner was frank and unreserved. She talked rapidly—at least, words came rapidly to her, and she flung them from her—clear, bright ripples of talk, dashing ever into a spray of mockery. Yet her gray eyes dreamt as freely as they mocked; they were soft, and when at rest, rested upon you with voluptuous pensiveness. In her eyes, indolent yet restless; in the gliding and swimming grace of her gait; in her talk, passionate yet ironical; in her easy goodness and transient flashes of fierceness, one had glimpses of a nature that might perhaps have scared away a wiser man than I was.

We met Mr. Marvell at the Park gate, anxious about his daughter. She introduced me at once. "This is Mr. Holdfast, papa, our neighbor at the Heughs"—for she had learned all about me already—"he has been so good as to bring me home when I had lost my way." His manner was simple and courteous, and as I left he promised to call for me on an early day, and hoped that we might meet often, now they had come home. "The Holdfasts and the Marvells must have known each other of old."

I did not go home at once. I slowly retraced my steps to the point where we had met—very slowly. Yet I seemed to tread on air. A sudden rosy rapture had entered into my life. The old land-marks were transfigured; I hardly recognized them. I had taken a first deep draught of the wine of Love. The moon had already risen, and a sea of silver light quivered and pulsed at my feet. But I saw her face only—the pure ample brows; the full lips, red and curled; the great gray, thoughtful eyes, with their long lashes; heard only the quick, bird-like twitter of her laugh; felt only the pressure of her hand, which had pressed mine at parting.

I struggled from the first in a blind, ineffectual way against the fascination of this girl. But she took me captive as a snake takes captive a bird. Before many days had passed I gave up the contest, and passively submitted to be carried whithersoever my good or evil fate might lead.

"Do you know, papa," she said, one day, while we were seated together in the afternoon twilight, "that I sometimes fancy I have got no soul?"

"You have got a temper, at least, my dear," said her father, blandly.

But she turned away from him with a little impatient shrug, and addressed herself to me.

"That church of yours is quite to my taste; Dr. Hackaback is such a ridiculous old dear! We must have him here, papa. Mr. Holdfast likes him as much as we do. And the sisters Peterson! I could study their bonnets forever. Is Dr. Hackaback a good man, Mr. Holdfast?" she continued, with an air of innocent inquiry.

I supposed that he was very much like his neighbors.

"Then I must get him to be my confessor. I have no end of iniquities to confess. But he must choose between me and the Misses Peterson. I am sure that their opinions are evangelical—such bonnets!—and you know I belong to the Broad Church, Mr. Holdfast."

"I fancy Mr. Holdfast is not much interested in your theological experiences, May dear. She is very tenacious, Mr. Holdfast, is May. Ten days ago she wanted to be a nun, and asked me for ever so much to buy a veil."

"Don't tell tales, papa. You know it was a Brussels one I wanted. But I belong permanently to the Broad Church."

"Your friends of the Broad Church," said Mr. Marvell, "make things pleasant, at least."

"And why shouldn't things be pleasant?" May retorted. "I am a coward at heart, and the dreadful stories these Evangelical people tell, and the way they swear at you, frightens me out of my wits."

May certainly liked things to be pleasant. I think she was naturally of a brave spirit; but she shrunk from whatever was disagreeable. She wrapped herself in soft furs; she made herself a warm nest; she strove in every way to shut out from her the ugly things of this world—want, pain, disease, sin, death. And thus they became more terrible to her imagination, for they are things that require to be looked in the face, and that grow full of menace to the half-averted eye. She lived in the senses; and, like all who do so habitually, she had become timid and easily scared in the presence of the supernatural.

In one of our scampers across the sand-hills I brought her to the old church-yard of the district. On a bright green margin of turf that overhangs the sea, bounded by a low wall through which our mountain ponies easily made their way, half a dozen old head-stones, telling how Alexander Davidson, Elspit Bell, and such like, had died in the odor of sanctity, and "a broken chancel with a broken cross," where venerable Culdees had worshiped God after their fashion—such was the place. Railed off from the common earth, but rank with coarse grass and nettles, was the burial-ground of the Marvells—unopened now for many years, for, as we know, the late head of the house had chosen another resting-place. Peering through the railings, we could read how "May Sybil Marvell" had been laid there a century before.

"She was my great-grandmother," said May, after a long pause.

Then we turned our horses, and rode silently along the bushless downs.

She had been in gay spirits during our ride, but now she spoke not a word. Then turning upon me she said, almost fiercely,

"Why did you bring me *there?* It makes me shudder to think that we must come to that. How I hate death! Were we made only to be put away in such places, to rot beneath those loathsome nettles? Martin, this is cruel of you."

I would have excused myself, but she would not listen.

"Let us gallop along the shore," she said; "the sweet salt air will drive such fancies away. Thank God, there is life in me yet a while!"

She urged her pony with bridle and whip, and we galloped for a while along the firm shore. Soon the roses came back to her cheek; her eye flashed as the pace grew fleeter; the blood danced merrily in her veins.

"I beg your pardon, Martin"—she called me Martin now, as if I was a cousin or a servant—"but the world is so lovely, and life is so sweet, and then it is all so dark and dreary outside. Let us banish these evil fancies, and say good-by to the King of Horrors."

We had come to the fishers' village, and I dismounted for a moment to tighten a girth. As we paused, a sweet voice rose from a group of women who were seated on low three-legged stools in front of the cottages, baiting the lines for to-morrow's fishing. The words of the song, I think, were these:

THE FISHER LAD.

Elsie, the lass with the golden curls,
Sings like the thrushes and climbs with the squirrels:
All night-long she sleeps in her nest,
And dreams of the fisher-boy out in the West.

All night-long he rocks in his boat,
And hums a song as he lies afloat—
A song about Elsie, the rosiest rose
That blooms on the cliff where the night-wind blows.

The dun duck dives, and the roving lark
Flits, with shrill whistle, into the dark;
And, heaving the herring-nets over the side,
Night-long the fisher-boy drifts with the tide.

Under his feet the herring are streaming;
Over his head the stars are dreaming;
And he sits in his boat as it rocks in the bight,
And watches and waits for the morning light.

The wind is soft, and the stars are dim,
But never a mermaid whispers to him;
And the siren may warble her softest note,
But she won't beguile him out of his boat.

At break of day from the sandy bay
He draws his nets, and he sails away—
"Over the foam let gipsies roam,
But Love is best when it stays at home."

May listened with delight. "It is Maggie Beaton, the cripple," I whispered.

"What a musical voice! I must get the air and the words. Let us speak to them. You know them, I suppose?"

We rode forward, and they greeted us with natural courtesy. May took possession of one of the three-legged stools, and sitting down beside the crippled child, fondled and caressed her. The child gazed admiringly upon the glorious beauty of the face, and was easily induced to repeat the simple air. May had a retentive memory, and in a wonderfully short space had made the air and the words her own. Then with a compassionate caress to the child, and a kindly greeting to the older women, she mounted again, and we rode home.

In the evening we criticised the new books, and tiring of this May went to the piano. "What do you think of this, papa?" she inquired, and then she sang the little air which she had got from the fisher-girl. Her voice was sweet as heaven; I never heard the same bird-like, bell-like notes in any other voice save one. Then, again, she discoursed soft, sad music, and anon dashed into the riot of a wild Hungarian waltz.

"You recollect how they danced it at Pesth, papa? It was the wildest, most picturesque thing imaginable. Do you know the step, Mr. Holdfast?"

"No, I don't dance."

"I can teach you it in a minute; like all these national dances, it looks intricate, but is in reality perfectly simple: see, this is the step."

And then bringing her feet out of her ample skirts—clean-cut, serviceable, matchless little feet—she showed me how it was done.

"You are not so clumsy as I expected. Now, give me your hand, and put the other round my waist. So—so. Oh, you ungrateful bear, you have torn my dress!" she exclaimed, with a little shriek of affected dismay, as she jumped from my arm.

As I walked home that night I understood how men and women had died for love. I had caught glimpses of a passionate rapture which might kill like *angina pectoris*. I had held her in my arms, she had leaned against my heart, her hair had fanned my cheek. I did not sleep all night; I was sick with love; with love from which, as the Athenian poet said, none escape, neither mortal man nor the Undying Ones.

April that year was provokingly fickle. Sunny showers and rain-touched sunbeams chased each other the livelong day. The spring was born amidst laughter and frequent tears.

On one of these days we were surprised by sudden storm. We were not far from the Heughs at the time when the rain began, and we made at once for the gaunt old house. Somehow it did not look quite so gaunt with the rain-clouds driving across the roof—it looked gauntest always in the quietude of summer days. Ere we reached the door we were drenched to the skin, for the water came down in torrents. It was one of those storms when the heaven abandons itself to the luxury of tears, and weeps without restraint.

For the first time my mistress stood beneath my roof-tree, her gay plumes sadly draggled. Jess, however, though grim, was fertile in expedients, and she took Miss Marvell under her wing. In a little while May returned, so disguised that I hardly knew her, to the little parlor where I waited. She had donned an old-fashioned silk dress, that had been intended originally for a much larger woman, and her exquisite rosy smile flashed out from below an enormous hood that my grandmother or my great-grandmother had worn.

"I am the ghost of your grandmother come to rebuke you for your sins," said May. "My beloved grandchild," she continued, with charming mock gravity, "I have returned from the next world, where I am comparatively comfortable, solely on your account. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and I do not like the company you keep. These English people at the Park are undermining your principles. Already you have begun the downward career. You walked in the fields last Sabbath; next Sabbath you will steal the spoons; then you will take to drinking and smoking; then you will run away with old Goody; then you will snore when Dr. Hackaback is preaching. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed;" and the anxious representative of the Holdfasts drew the cloak round her face, and groaned over the backslidings of the house.

Her mimetic power was perfect. She would have made a great actress.

"That queer old duck, Goody," she continued, in her own voice, "is a perfect treasure. She allowed me to ransack your grandmother's wardrobe. I hope you like the result;" and she made me a stately courtesy, such as old Mrs. Julian Holdfast may have made about the beginning of the last century.

I admitted that it did credit to her taste.

"I've a great mind to keep it for our theatricals in summer—it *does* become me, I think. Martin, what a lovely face!"

As she spoke she pointed to a picture on the wall—a bright, true face, on which all the charities that make life sweet were written.

"My mother's portrait."

"Your mother?" she said, in an altered tone. "It is a face one might trust forever. Martin, you are happier than I. You had a mother; I never knew mine. Perhaps—" Here she paused.

A softer mood than I had ever known in her succeeded. I looked away, for there was a trouble in her voice. I looked away; had I not done so I must have fallen at her feet and kissed the hem of her robe. I never loved her so wildly, so passionately, either before or after, as I did at that moment. Her eyes, traveling round slowly and dreamily, rested on me; she recovered herself directly; her exquisite sensitiveness warned her what was coming—told her of the words that quivered upon my lips.

A keen, defiant light came into her face. It said as plainly as words: "No, I shall not and can not hear you. I do not love you. Speak a word and I leave you forever." But aloud she only said, coldly, "I think the carriage must have come."

I resolved that I should go no more to the Park. It was clear, lure me on as she might at times, that she did not love me. And I—this poisonous joy which had crept into my blood was eating up my life. But I would cast it out; and so for a week, gun in hand, I tramped over the sand-hills, returning at night weary and fagged and wretched.

At the end of the week came a note from May:

"Dear Mr. Holdfast,—I have been in bed a week, but am better. Kate Saville comes next month, and we must begin our rehearsals. But I can not make up my mind what play to choose. Will you come and help me to-day? Pray do. You know we dine at seven.
"M. S. M."

Of course I did not go: of course you would not have gone? Perhaps not: if you and I were wiser than Solomon and older than Methuselah. Otherwise I think I know what road we would take and where it would lead us.

I had resolved to keep myself well in hand, but my passion was visible in my face. I think that even Mr. Marvell must have noticed it; for after dinner, as we sat for a moment over the wine, he led the conversation to his daughter. He probably knew more of her experiences than I did, and good-naturedly desired to warn me.

"She is a clever little witch, is May, but as untamable as a fly. It is a pity she is such a tremendous coquette—only all women are coquettes. Fill your glass, Mr. Holdfast; I got that wine from Metternich."

He held up his own against the light as he continued:

"I think a taste for sound old claret is about the soundest taste we can cultivate. And it is a duty to single out sound enjoyments: for the zests of life are easily exhausted. The horizon grows gray; enjoyment flags; the senses fail us. We close up all the avenues to pleasure before we know that they are so few. And when they come, the supreme rewards of success are poor and valueless. Your mistress's kiss does not burn as it used to burn; the truth is, she bores you. You don't relish the wit and the entrées as of yore; your stomach is not what it was, and you weary of D——'s old jokes. My good Sir, a woman is only—a woman; and when you once get behind the scenes you learn how you have been imposed upon, and swear never again to find a world of romance in a sheet of pasteboard and a pot of paint."

He filled his glass and paused meditatively.

"You know Clavering by name—an obstinate old ass; he made a terrible mess in China. Well, Clavering once said a good thing—by mistake. At a dinner of the men of our time at Cambridge he got pathetic over those who had left us, and made a delightful malapropism: 'Some of them are happily dead; others, alas! are married.' Our shout of laughter discomposed him terribly; and when he found that he had transposed the words he insisted on putting them right, amidst still noisier shouts. But I think the first edition was, after all, the true one, and had I been Clavering I would have stuck to it."

This was the philosophy that ushered me into the drawing-room, where the witch sat dreaming in the fire-light.

A witch indeed, as you would have confessed had you heard her sing that night to an arch, saucy air, half-passionate, half-mocking, that suited the words well, Lodge's delightful song:

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
  Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
  Now with his feet;
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed, amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
  Ah! wanton, will you?

And if I sleep, th [illegible] he
  With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
  The livelong night;
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays, if I but sing;
He lends me every lovely thing.
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
  Ah! wanton, will you?

Rosalind can mock a little at love even while she complains, but I had taken the disease in its worst shape, and was past jesting. A physician—could we physic Love!—would have said from the beginning that my malady was mortal.

Our theatrical projects, however, kept us in the mean time constantly employed. But although we ransacked the library we could not agree upon a piece. This play was too warm, that was too cold; we could not muster performers for one, nor properties for another.

"I wish we had a poet among us," said May; "only poets are such dull people to have in a country-house. I knew a poet once. I was left to amuse him, and he nearly bored me to death. He told me that he had lost his heart to a particular friend of mine, but I didn't believe him; he had written so many rubbishing poems about the affections, that he had no heart left to lose. Do you recollect the song he wrote for me, papa, and which you said he had stolen from Master Lovelace? It went somehow thus, I think:

  With jeers and tears and smiles,
  And fitful wilful wiles,
  The May her groom beguiles;
But *my* May keeps the grace
Of true love in her face.

  Sweet is May's hawthorn hedge,
  And by the water edge,
  The murmur of the sedge;
But *my* May's sweeter far
Than hawthorn hedges are.

  The thrush repeats her tale,
  And the sad nightingale
  With passion floods the vale;
But *my* May's whisper thrills
My soul among the hills.

  The kisses of the May
  Are scattered every day
  On all who come this way;
But *my* May's lips are kept
Like chastest violet.

And so the foolish fellow ran on, with much more on the same key. But he might help us now, could we lay hands on him. Do you recollect what he was called, papa?"

But Mr. Marvell had entirely forgotten.

"We couldn't well advertise for him, I suppose; so we must do without him, and take one of these two. Which is it to be?"

The first was a little gay French vaudeville—artless as the best art is, but exquisitely graceful and petulant. There was absolutely nothing in the story, but the people in it talked about nothing in the most charming way. The hero and his mistress made desperate love; but they clearly didn't care a copper for each other, and their passion ran off in epigrams. "My beautiful lady," said the lover on his knees at last (he went down quite leisurely), "My beautiful lady, have pity on me." And the lady answered, "No, I have no pity. *Je suis la belle dame sans merci.*" And so the play ended.

No, that would not do. May felt perhaps that it was overlike the play she had on hand; so we chose the other. It was Goethe's *Egmont*.

Kate Saville had not yet appeared, and Miss Marvell and I read the great play together. There was something in it—in Clara's unreflective rapture, in Egmont's heroic recklessness—that fascinated her imagination.

I was but a sorry Egmont, I fear—so poor a performer that Miss Marvell sometimes snatched the part out of my hand, and swore (as ladies swear) that she would be the Count herself. And then, muffling herself in some coverlet or shawl that lay at hand, she would show me with adorable petulance how it was done; how Egmont, bending over his mistress, had unclasped his cloak, and disclosed the jeweled collar of the Golden Fleece. "But this is not *thy* Egmont."

I wonder sometimes that I lived through it all. I was like a man in strong fever, now on fire, anon my teeth chattering with cold. I was in rapture and in agony. This witch had poisoned my blood. As she bent over me that night, as I felt her breath touch my cheek, I was as jealously mad, as fiercely miserable, as Othello. I knew that my senses were deserting me: this potent enchantress had changed me into some wild animal that I did not recognize; and I fled affrighted from her spells. What if I should smother her in my blind rage, as the Moor smothered his bride? As I looked out on the black pools of water on which the moonlight lay, I swore that, come what might, I should not go to her again.

I kept my word. I did not approach the Park. But Fate was stronger than my will. I was to see her once more beside the sea.

She had been walking, and she came up to me with a beautiful flush on her face.

"Kate Saville has come," she said, "and we are ready for a rehearsal. Where have you been for ever so long?" Then, without waiting for my answer, "I hope you are perfect in your Egmont?"

"I do not mean to be Egmont," I answered, gloomily.

"You are not going to desert us, surely?"

"I shall not act."

"Mr. Holdfast, this is too bad. Kate will be inconsolable."

But I would not. She never asked my reason; she knew by instinct what I meant. She should have gone then; but she still waited.

"Will nothing tempt you? Come up to-night. Kate shall give you a song, her voice is superb; and I—I—*I* will give you a smile," the coquette added, while a lovely one crossed her eyes and lighted up her mouth.

"Temptress!" I muttered, eying her almost savagely.

"My dear Martin," she said all at once, quite seriously, "what ails you? One would fancy that you took me for a witch. I suppose the best that you expect is to see me ride away on a broomstick;" and she affected to pout like a spoiled child that has been crossed.

But I looked her full in the face (for I had ceased to fear her—I was reckless and desperate), and I saw that her eyes did not defy me.

Then came the end.

I took hold of her hand as we stood together and clasped it in mine. She was not offended; she did not resist; I fancied there was an answering pressure. Her touch kindled all the blood in my body into a blaze. I turned and looked her full in the face. The smile had faded off the upturned mouth and cheeks, which were pale with fear or passion or love, but it still lingered in her eyes, and I felt that her eyes consented. I stooped down and kissed her on the lips. I was mad with love, and her lips did not resist. For a moment they clung to mine, or seemed to cling. Had Heaven been in the other scale I could not have foregone that kiss. Then the softness died out of her eyes; her face grew set and hard and cruel; she curled herself out of my arms, and retreating swiftly and stealthily, gained a little knoll, from which she turned and faced me. Her eyes were full of menace; she crouched a little, as if with angry shame; at the very moment I thought of a panther-cat in act to spring.

"Sir!" she said, flashing out magnificently, "have you forgotten that you are a boor?"

The voice rang with mockery and bitter pride; yet, turning suddenly, she bowed her face into her hands and sobbed convulsively. Her being shook beneath the storm. It was not a summer shower; it was a convulsion of nature. I was by her side in a moment: my arm was round her waist; she was tugging at the strings of her hat. "Loose them!" she said; "they are choking me." She sat down on the bank, but for many minutes could not control her hysterical sobs. Her whole nature was moved—perhaps it needed such a convulsion to teach her that she had a heart.

"May," I asked, penitently, "what have I done?"

"Martin, you have humbled me bitterly. It is my fault; I know that I led you on. I have been false, light, unmaidenly."

"You are the delight of my eyes," I murmured, passionately.

"No, no!" she replied, piteously; "do not speak so. You can not be so sorely hurt; it would make me miserable to think that you were hurt."

"Hurt!" I exclaimed; "it is a hurt I shall carry with me to the grave—gladly." Then such a look of pained entreaty crossed her face that I stopped abruptly. For a moment there was silence; but she did not speak.

"May," I whispered, "you know how I love you; can not you love me a little?"

"No," she said, steadily, through her sobs; "I have no love in my heart. I am too hard to love. I do not love you." I turned very pale; and her eyes sought mine pitifully. "Martin, how have I deceived you? You must have known how cold my heart was. Why have you been so blind?"

"May—May!—might you not learn to love me?"

"It is impossible," she said. Her tears were dried, and she had gathered herself up to go. Her face was hardening again. Her mood had changed—as I pressed her. I felt the chill coming. "It is impossible. It can not be."

Yet I persevered; what will not a man do for dear life when he is drowning? "Do not shut hope out from me," I said.

"It is best to speak plainly at once," she replied—and her voice had recovered its clear, musical, mocking ring; "I can not give you my love, for—among other reasons—it is pledged to another. Lord Audley—"

"Audley!" I echoed, mechanically.

"Yes, Audley—the House of Commons man. Audley is my betrothed;" and then added, God knows with what bitterness, "My lord, my lover, my hero, my Egmont."

"Are you a woman?" I said, moodily, yet with unnatural calmness—for I was dazed by her cruel beauty—"Are you a woman, or a tiger's cub?"

Then I turned upon my heel and left her where she stood. She did not call me back; yet I fancy sometimes in my dreams (it is fancy only) that I heard her say "Martin" softly amidst a low burst of weeping. I never saw her again.

* * * * * *

I never saw her again. My heart was still hard against her when I heard one say, "She is dead." Even in death I did not forgive her. Had she not burned up my heart? Had she not lured me to the very gates of hell? Had she not left me with a slight, dainty, scornful, mocking adieu? But one day (when my fever was over—for I had been stricken by the plague of which she died) I wandered listlessly, mechanically, along the shore till I reached the church-yard among the sand-hills. A new name, I noticed, was carved upon the wall. Another "May Sybil Marvell" had been laid out of the sunshine under where the rank nettles grow. Then—remembering who had last stood by my side on this turf, remembering that April evening—my heart forgave her, and all my fierce love turned into tender pity. She might have been fickle and treacherous; but at least she had had my whole heart, and she had been to me what no other woman could be again.

And it may be (I say sometimes to myself, as the old bitterness returns for a moment) that I am her debtor. She taught me in a few days the lesson which old men, even in their fourscore years, have sometimes failed to learn. It takes long to squeeze the fever of hope out of the heart; many a bitter dismissal, many a sharp disillusion to make a man utterly happy and apathetic. But I took my dose at a draught, and since that hour am cured.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Illegal Drill.—Three young men were discovered in a respectable office in Dublin drilling a safe. They were removed to the police-station.

This comes Pat.—Why can't the Irish perform the play of *Hamlet?*—Because they always make Aphalia of the heroine.

"I say, boy, how far do these rocks run into the sea?" asked a gentleman of a half-clad, tousie-haired fisherman's son on the east coast of Scotland. "They dinna rin ava, zir, they joost lie still there."

Old Tom Cat, thou art defunct! Catelepsy ended thy days. Thy cat-head is broken. No more will you catamount the sheds and outhouses. Thy catcalls will no more be heard. The catastrophe was in the category of thy life. No catafalque will bear thee to the catacombs. Cat-birds will sing and no more fear thee. Nor cat-fish. They will rejoice in thy catfall. The catenation that bound thee to thine ilk is broken. No cataclysm will be shed on thy demise. Thou hast been the "Catiline" of thy species. Thy head will rest on no downy caterpillar. No catagraph will be taken of thee. Thy cat-harpings are silenced. No cat-gut will be scraped in thy memory. Thy caterwauling is hushed forever.—Thou hast gone over the cataract of eternity. Thou hast supped thy last catsup. Thou art erased from the catalogue of caterers. Thy catechism is closed. Cats-foot will grow on thy grave, and catnip, and catoninetails. And catspaws may sigh over thy resting-place for aught we care. Adieu, old Tom!—a last adieu!

A Connecticut deacon was attaching a very poor and feeble pair of oxen to a very large load of wood. A neighbor asked him how he expected to get so large a load to market with so poor a team. The deacon replied that he expected to have some assistance from Divine Providence. His neighbor asked him whether it would not be as well to dispense entirely with the oxen and *let Providence draw the whole load.*

A pair of lovers, fleeing from stern and cruel parents, were married in the cars near St. Louis, the other day. Papa telegraphed to the conductor to send his daughter back; but he telegraphed back: "Never return a *fair* on this road."

THE BARBER OF BAILEN.

The barber of Bailen was four feet high,
  His wife measured five feet ten;
She wasn't a Venus in figure or face,
  And he was the meekest of men.

The fair lady's temper had evil repute,
  Her short husband was pitied by all;
Her tongue, like a pendulum, constantly wagg'd,
  And her language was seasoned with gall.

A young friar came oft the dame to confess,
  But whether she told him the truth,
The author omits to relate in his song;
  While the friar kept his counsel—wise youth.

One morning at breakfast the chocolate was hot,
  And the fair lady's temper not cool;
The barber complained of caloric, but she
  Tried her hand with a three-legg'd stool.

"Pray take it, my love, and see what I say
  Is strict truth, on your Pepe's veracity—
I know 'tis as cool as the air on the bridge;"
  So she tasted to show her tenacity.

Chocolate once heated remains very hot
  For a very long period of time—
So the fair lady blistered her petulant tongue,
  While it served but her temper to prime.

The lady her stalwart arm raises on high
  To hurl at her little lord's head
The fluid that peppered her petulant tongue—
  When an accident happened instead.

That instant the friar appears at the door,
  Intending their breakfast to share—
When splash goes the chocolate all over his face,
  And spreads to the roots of his hair.

Legal Note.—When a gentleman has taken so much that he has not the ability to stand, he may consider himself limited to lie-ability, and can apply to Chancery to wind up his watch for him.

What prevents the running river running away?—Why, it's tide up.

What's the difference between a butcher and a corn-doctor?—One cuts the corns, and the other corns the cuts.

What's the difference between an incendiary and an engineer?—One "banks" the fires, and the other fires the banks.

Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

A gentleman at the opera, the other night, in sounding the praises of a new opera-glass which he had just purchased, said, "Why, bless your soul, it brings the ladies on the opposite side of the house so near that I can smell the musk on their pocket-handkerchiefs, and hear the beating of their dear little hearts."

The youth who cut open the bellows to see where the wind came from is now trying his hand at fattening greyhounds.

ECHOES.

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?—Write.
What is necessary to a farmer to assist him?—System.
What would give a blind man the greatest delight?—Light.
What is the best piece of counsel given by a justice of the peace?—Peace.
Who commit the greatest abominations?—Nations.
What is the greatest terrifier?—Fire.

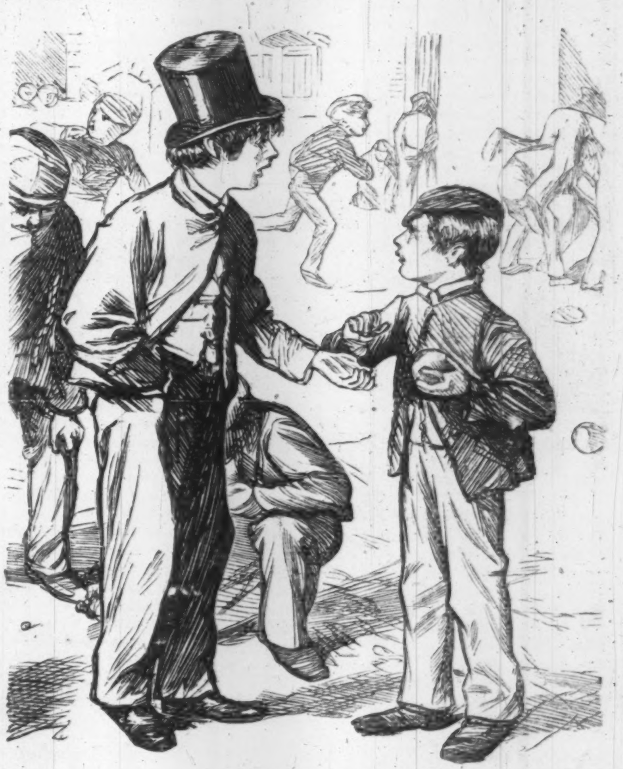
What's the difference between a boot-black and a slave-owner?—One blacks the boots, and the other boots the blacks.

"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic fellow, who was an eminent performer on the trencher, to a friend. "I hope," said the friend, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

A French waiter, in describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee said: "If he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next morning and go around selling maps to the inhabitants."

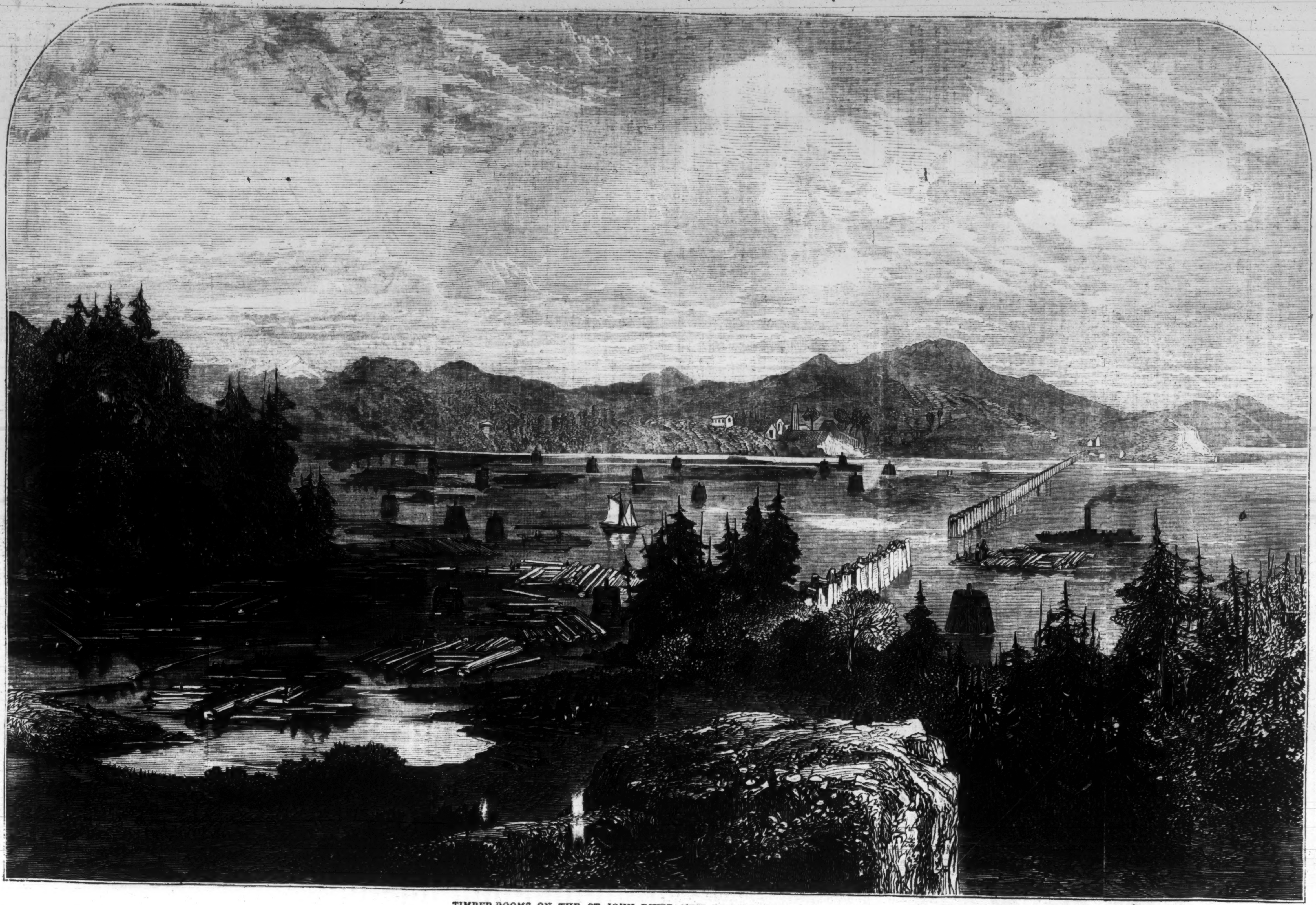
An old sportsman, who, at the age of eighty-three, was met by a friend riding very fast, was asked what he was in pursuit of? "Why, Sir," replied the other, "I am riding after my eighty-fourth year."

A Western "local" acknowledges the gift of "two bouquets, smiling in their paper frills as do girls' faces within their laced night-caps." That man is too imaginative to be kept on prosaic "items."

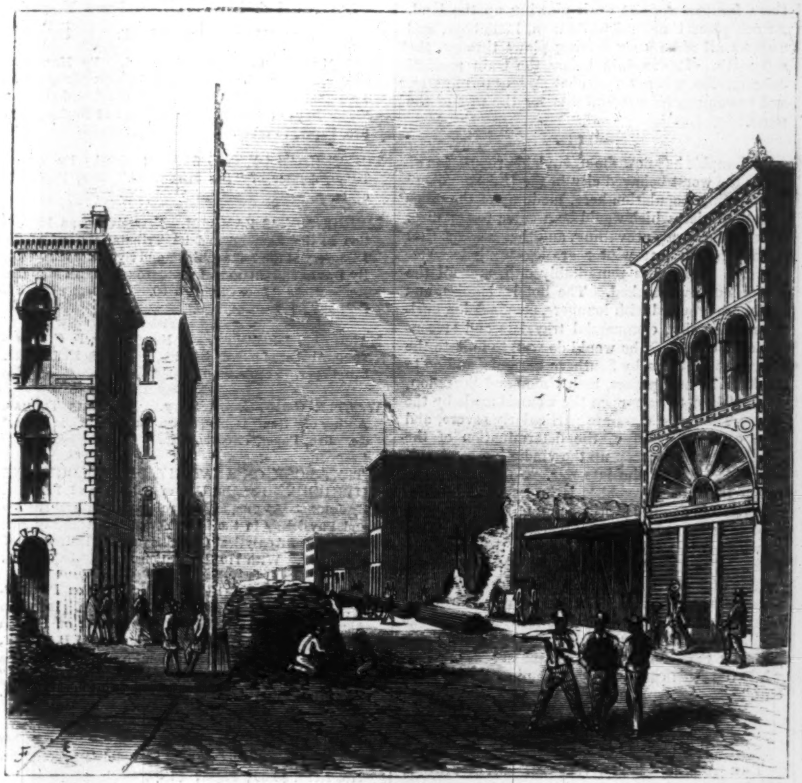


SELF-SACRIFICE!

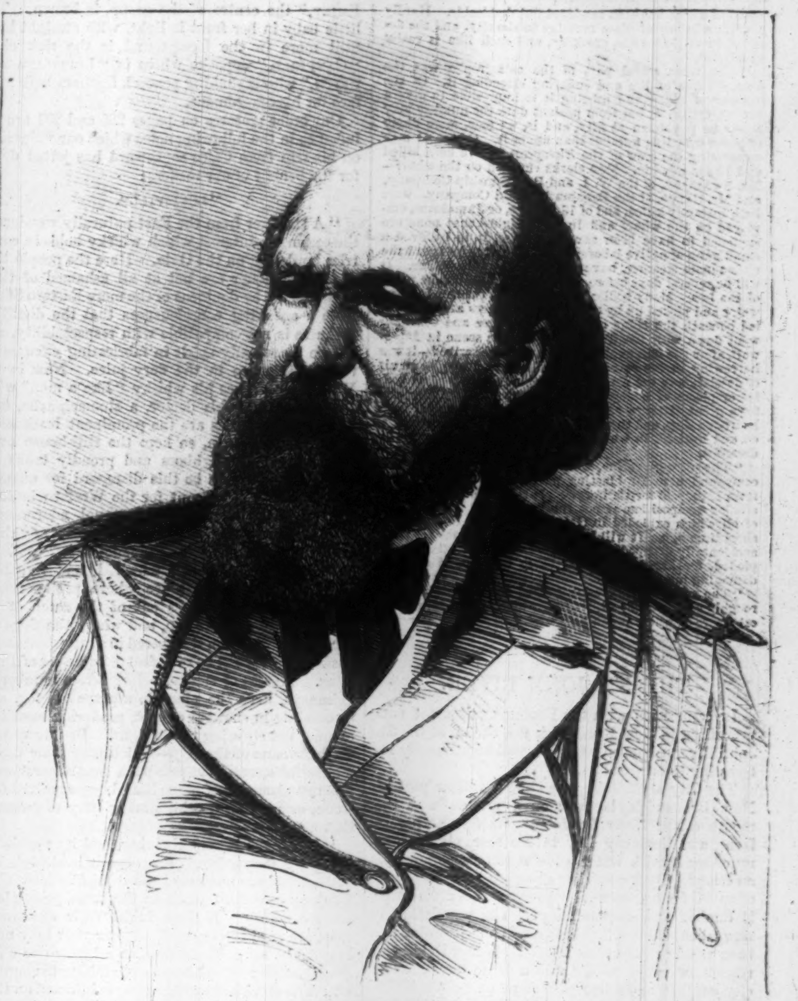
Tom (to his little Cousin Reginald, who only came this Term, and whom he diligently takes care of). "Hullo, Reggy! what a' you got there? An Orange? Why the most beastly unwholesome Thing you can Eat! —'t any rate, give 's hold and let 's Squeeze the Nasty Juice out for you!"



TIMBER-BOOMS ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.—[SEE PAGE 286.]



REBUILDING THE BURNT DISTRICT IN RICHMOND, VA.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 286.]



JAMES STEPHENS, THE FENIAN CHIEF.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARJAT, PARIS.]

JAMES STEPHENS.

JAMES STEPHENS, founder and chief of the Irish Fenian Brotherhood, was born in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland, in 1823.

He was a civil engineer, and was little known at the time O'BRIEN, JOHN MITCHEL, and a few other tried patriots formed the party of Young Ireland, and, after the famine of 1847–8, made an appeal to insurrection. A large number of enthusiastic young men responded to this appeal. At their head STEPHENS placed himself, determined to share the perils braved by O'BRIEN.

The arrest of O'BRIEN put an end to the movement, and STEPHENS found refuge in France, where he joined O'MAHONY, who had also fled thither, and who is now at the head of the American order of Fenians.

After a stay of some years in Paris STEPHENS returned to Ireland, and organized a secret society of vast proportions, which is to-day known as the Fenian Brotherhood. It is perhaps not generally known that STEPHENS is the sole author of Fenianism; that he alone understands all the secrets of the Brotherhood; and that three times already he has crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of organizing and developing, with the aid of his friend JOHN O'MAHONY, the Fenian Brotherhood in this country.

STEPHENS, as is well known, was arrested, and a short time afterward escaped from Richmond Bridewell, where he was imprisoned, in Dublin. The story of his escape would no doubt be interesting, but all we know of the matter is, that very little which has been told is exactly true.

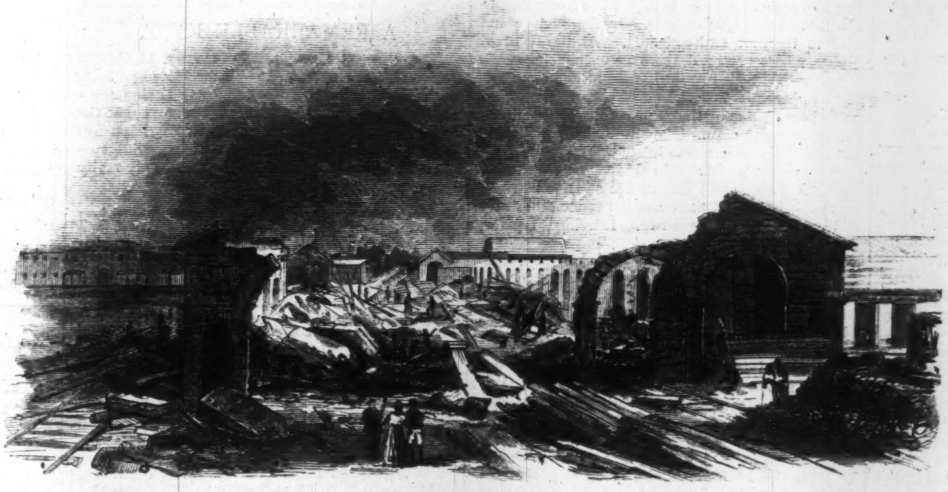
The celebrated Fenian chief has been for some time in Paris. He has determined to leave France for this country; but not to stay here, it being his intention soon to return to Europe.

EXPLOSION AT ASPINWALL.

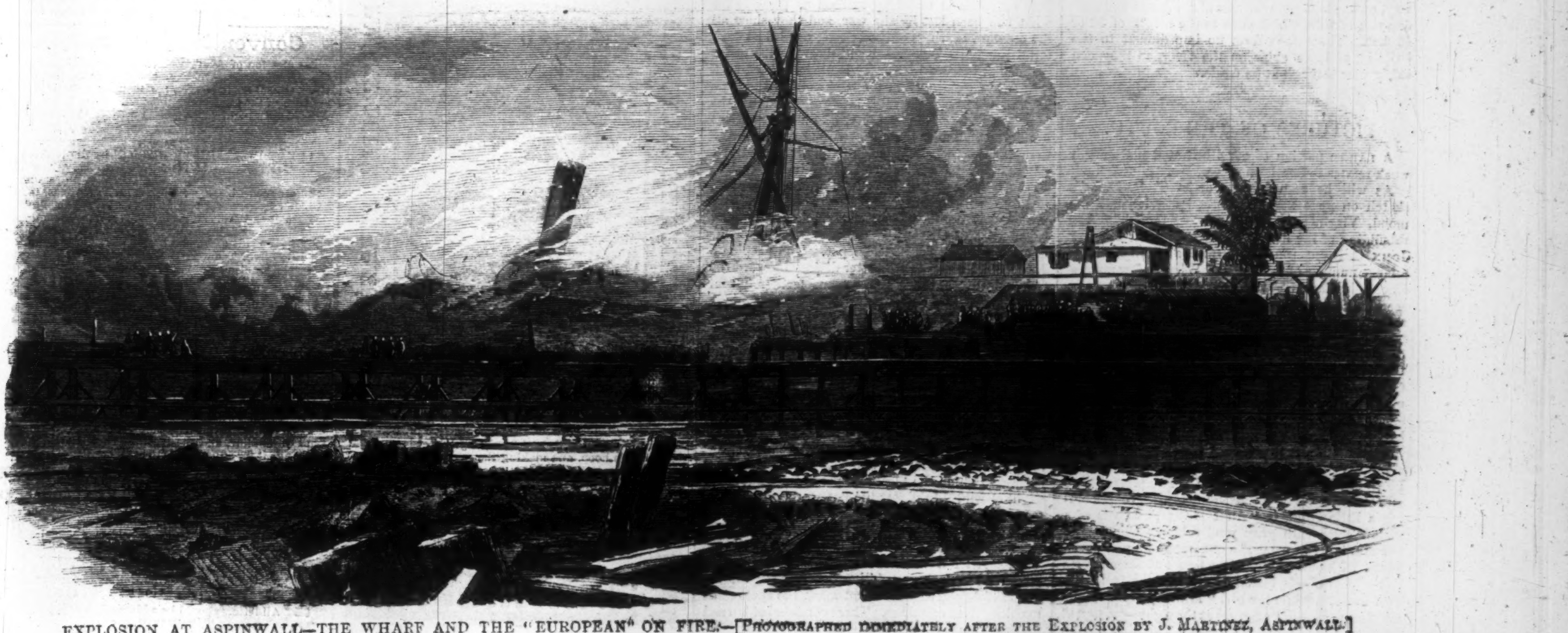
THE last Pacific steamer from Panama, the *Arizona*, brings the news of a terrible catastrophe at Aspinwall caused by the explosion of seventy cases of nitro-glycerine, which formed part of the freight of the British steamer *European* at that port. The upper works of this steamer were all blown into fragments, and the lives of about fifty persons were destroyed by the first explosion. Two subsequent explosions took place, adding still further to the loss of life, the last one resulting in the total destruction and sinking of the *European*, which had been towed out into the harbor. This event took place on the morning of April 3, just as nearly all the local freight had been delivered. The Panama *Star and Herald* gives the following account:

"The wharf at which the vessel was unloading, and which was some 400 feet long, was literally torn to pieces, the superstructure was completely demolished to within a hundred feet of the freight-house, and hardly a plank remained in the entire length of the structure that was not wrenched from its fastenings. Immediately in front of where the vessel lay a gap was cut through the wharf—piles, planking, etc., all disappearing. The ship and wharf both caught fire, and the latter was saved from entire destruction only by the exertions of several citizens, who got the fire-engine to work, and after a few hours extinguished the flames, regardless of the risk they incurred from another explosion of the burning ship. The Panama Railroad Company's splendid freight-house is left a pile of ruins. The force of the air caused by the concussion seems to have raised the roof—which was constructed of iron and slate—upward, a few feet, its own weight bringing it down with immense force into the building, and carrying with it both the end walls, leaving the house, excepting the side walls, which appear but little, if at all injured, a mass of ruins. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete wreck than that presented by the freight-house and wharf.

"Scarcely a building in the place escaped without more or less damage, those of a substantial nature suffering most; nearly all the brick and stone buildings were badly injured, but the freight-house is the only one we have



EXPLOSION AT ASPINWALL—RUINS OF THE PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY'S FREIGHT-HOUSE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. MARTINEZ, ASPINWALL.]



EXPLOSION AT ASPINWALL—THE WHARF AND THE "EUROPEAN" ON FIRE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION BY J. MARTINEZ, ASPINWALL.]

heard of which has been rendered uninhabitable. Hardly a whole window of glass remains in the city, and the destruction of glassware, crockery, and such like is really wonderful.

"The most awful part of the catastrophe was the dreadful loss of life and suffering attending it. Of the number of killed and missing it is impossible to give a correct estimate, but from present data the number may safely be put down at fifty, and is, we fear, more likely to prove over this number than under it. Of the 41 men comprising the crew of the *European* 9 have been killed and 12 are missing. Two clerks engaged on the wharf—Mr. SWAINSON, of the W. I. and P. Steamship Company, and Mr. CALVO, of the Panama Railroad Company—were both instantly killed, and of 13 natives, or Jamaicans, employed on the wharf and in the freight-house none are supposed to have been saved; besides, it is believed a small gang of native laborers, who had gone on board the unfortunate steamer, have met the fate of the others. It will be several days before a correct estimate can be made of the loss. Many bodies were no doubt thrown into the water and picked up by sharks, while others are still buried beneath the ruins of the freight-house and wharf, or went down with the ill-fated ship. The scene in Aspinwall, after the first explosion, can not be described—it was harrowing in the extreme. While the ruins gave an air of desolation to the place, the mangled and lacerated bodies or pieces of bodies to be met with in every direction for a great distance around the ruin of the disaster were heart-rending, and the suffering of the poor mortals crushed and bruised, in whom life was not extinct, was really dreadful.

"The nitro-glycerine, which caused the explosion, is a compound used for blasting purposes, and was shipped from Liverpool for California. It is, we understand, of a similar composition, if not the same, as a barrel or box of oil which exploded in Greenwich Street, New York, a short time ago. It will be remembered the package was accidentally dropped on the street, and immediately exploded, tearing down two or three large buildings and damaging many others.

"The amount of damage caused by the explosion is roughly estimated at $1,000,000, which is about the lowest figure at which it can be placed."

THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

IN connection with the Fenian excitement now prevailing in New Brunswick the sketch of the St. John River, given on page 284, will be unusually interesting to our readers.

The City of St. John, the chief maritime port of New Brunswick, is built on a peninsula at the mouth of the River St. John. Its fine harbor in front, and Courtney Bay in the rear, almost surrounding it with water, give it the appearance of an island. By its peculiar situation it is eminently adapted for commercial purposes. Its chief trade is lumber and ship-building. The population is now about 40,000. The growth of St. John has been rapid; many of its inhabitants now living can remember when its site was a dense forest. The city can not be said to possess many public buildings with pretensions to architectural beauty, but many of its shops are on a scale that will compare favorably with those of older towns. There are about thirty churches and chapels belonging to different denominations. The public institutions reflect great credit on the inhabitants, especially the Penitentiary, Alms-house, Marine Hospital, General Hospital, and Lunatic Asylum.

The lover of picturesque scenery finds a most impressive sight in the rapids of the River St. John at low tide, as the rushing and foaming waters sweep with irresistible force between the perpendicular rocks, which rise on each side to the height of 90 or 100 feet. Sometimes accidents have occurred, but they are rare, and only in the case of boats approaching too near the rapids and being swept into the whirlpool. As the tide rises in the Bay of Fundy the waters gradually become calmer. Just before half-tide, while yet its waters are in commotion, may be viewed an exciting scene. Rafts of timber, wood-boats, scows loaded with deals, and steamers towing logs come into view from behind the small island at the head of the falls, and, being caught by the current, are borne on with great rapidity, and follow each other in quick succession, while the hardy raftsmen ply their oars with the utmost courage and skill. It is in order to keep the tide which will now carry them down to the harbor that they incur the risk of passing the falls at such a time. At half-tide these falls are perfectly smooth, and no trace is visible of their late commotion. They remain so for a short time. As the tide rises in the harbor and gains a level above the waters of the river, the falls again become a scene of wild commotion; but this time the waters flow the reverse way, owing to the narrowness of the gorge and sudden rise of tide, which rises to the height of 30 or 40 feet. These falls form no impediment to the building of large ships on the river, as they can safely pass through at half-tide.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

A LARGE portion of our illustrated matter this week relates to Southern cities.

As will be seen by our artist T. R. DAVIS's sketch on page 265, the burned district of Richmond, Virginia, is being "reconstructed." The rebuilding of the houses destroyed by the order of JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE furnishes employment to a large number of freedmen. Where a few months since only blackened ruins were visible may now be seen buildings of far more pretentious appearance than those destroyed. The negroes, says our artist, work with an alacrity for which they were not before noted, which is certainly a strong vote for the free labor system of which so many people in the South have doubted the feasibility. The money used in the erection of the costly and substantial stores in this district is mostly raised in the North by bond and mortgage on the property.

Our picture on the first page of this sheet, representing a group in the Colored Orphan Asylum at Memphis, is very characteristic. The portraits are all from life. The tallest figure of the group, holding a little child, is "Aunt MARIA," who is of a yellow color with gray woolly hair. Clinging to her arm is "SHERMAN," a quadroon of six or seven years, with curly hair. The figure at the extreme left—"LUKE"—is black, as are also the two little ones in front, while the girl "MARIA" at his side is very light. The three figures at the right—"CLARA" (reading a book), and "EMELINE," holding a little sick brother "RUFUS"—are quite black. "Aunt EMILY," the centre of the group, is brown. The little baby in her front is light, with straight hair. Still more in the fore-ground is the sick child "CANFIELD," opposite whom is "LOUISIANA ALDRICH," who is shaking peacock feathers before his face for his amusement.

Our other pictures on pages 280 and 281 are alluded to in the following notes which our "Special" on his trip from Cairo southward has jotted down for the benefit of our readers:

"LOUISVILLE.

"A stranger from the East naturally wonders at the extensive interest which whisky holds in countries bordering on the Ohio. Here the people that distill the liquor are not at all ashamed of their business. The denizens of the more Eastern States have a sneaking consciousness that the distilling business is not compatible with respectability, and evince a cowardly spirit in fabricating excuses for their indulgence in the fiery juice. Now in the West a man takes his whisky "like a man" without reference to his doctor, a stomach-ache, or a cold. As churches are the prominent institutions in an Eastern town, so here the still-house overshadows all its neighbors and proudly takes the first rank. It may be this disregard for outward appearances will account for the Western indifference to paint and other external adornments, though it seems almost useless to attempt any thing in opposition to the sooty influence of soft coal.

"Thus Louisville—of which I had formed a charming ideal as a place where pretty houses nestled among the trees out of the reach of the scorching rays of the sun, and where the fiery nature of the Southron slumbered in a luxuriant sensuousness—turns out to be in fact only a rival of Pittsburg. Masses of smoke, belched from numberless chimneys, keep the place in a perpetual fog, and, descending in showers of soot, produce a monotone of color not cheering to the sight. Broadway—the Fifth Avenue of the city—which may some day be a cheerful street, is at present a conglomeration of fine mansions and of mean little houses built of freestone, or painted a cold, staring gray to resemble that material.

"Louisville is very thriving, and its population is rapidly increasing. Property is held high, and house rents are more exorbitant than in New York. The negroes are at work on the same principle as other laborers. If they fulfill their agreements they are sure of employment, but your lazy negro is quickly set aside as soon as a better one offers. And in other respects they have nothing to complain of. The stories of brutal outrages inflicted on them are emphatically denied by the whites.

"When I was in Louisville the Falls were covered with ten feet of water, so that the iron-clads *Tippecanoe* and *Oneota* passed safely over them.

"To artists visiting Louisville it may be interesting to know that there is a genuine VANDYKE in the Roman Catholic cathedral—a fine picture and said to be well authenticated. At the Willard House, where I stopped, there were some fine specimens of Kentuckians—tall, broad-shouldered fellows, apparently men who had been in the army, and who, to judge by their remarks, could not brook any other occupation. They were "reconstructed" but out of their element.

"Louisville is striving hard to compete with New York, St. Louis, and Cincinnati as a cotton market; but I think she will not cause the premature decay of New York for a year or two. Leaving this place, I took the night train for

"NASHVILLE.

"I paid exactly twice as much for a sleeping berth as is charged on Northern lines. I had some notion of stopping at the Mammoth Cave, but regarding the time spent in holes of the earth as so much dead loss, I passed it by. Nashville was soaking in a heavy rain as the train entered.

"The people of Nashville are working with a vigor which they have never hitherto exhibited, building up commerce and devoting themselves to business. The streets are being paved thoroughly with the Macadam and Nicholson pavements. White men and black work together in the streets, pushing forward these improvements. The majority of the citizens are wisely seeking in the blessings of peace to make up as soon as possible for what has been lost by the war, and they show all the outward bearings of good citizens. Like Louisville, Nashville is troubled with heavy rents and a scarcity of houses. The city is finely located on a rock, which, rising from the banks of the Cumberland in picturesque strata, is surmounted by the freestone Capitol of the State, like a pale sentinel keeping watch over the city. Along the banks of the river this rock crops out in flat horizontal strata.

"It must be a wonderful relief to a city like Nashville, after being for so long time a garrisoned town, to be freed from the presence of soldiers. But few of the latter have been left, and these are merely orderlies of General THOMAS, or attachés of the quarter-master or ordnance dépôt. The people of Nashville, I believe, are better disposed toward the Government than the Tennesseans farther South. The city received an impetus from the war which has, in a great measure, compensated it for any losses which it may have sustained during the struggle. The distinction between Federal and Confederate still remains. There is socially no affiliation between the two classes.

"Quitting Nashville by the Johnsonville Railroad, we came upon the line of fortifications. The ground had been plowed over, and fences run over the forts, through embrazures and all. The country for some distance lay smiling with the first blush of spring, to which the blooming peach-trees added no slight charm. In places the flat strata of the freestone cropped out, and was being quarried with very little trouble. The mistletoe abounding upon the trees would make an Englishman feel 'quite at 'ome.' After a while the road leads into a less promising region, more hilly, and showing the remains of defensive works that mark the spots commanding river crossings. These consisted of burned block houses, with little rifle-pits, rapidly disappearing before the effects of the weather. Here and there farmers were at work plowing up the land. At one place I noticed white men, little boys, and negroes all alike busy driving plows through the soft earth. It was dark before the train reached Johnsonville, where the road at present terminates, and passengers take steamboats for the rest of the route.

"MEMPHIS.

"Memphis has now the unenviable reputation of being the worst behaved city in the Union. There is a floating population here, made up of the dregs of both armies, which would be a curse to any city. Order is, however, prevailing, and the outrages that were common last winter are becoming less frequent. Business is remarkably dull, and all the stores look overstocked. The hotels, lobbies, and halls, are crowded with loungers, people doing business in the city, commercial travelers and 'reconstructed' citizens, who would do well to imitate the examples set them by Southern generals, and go to work. The newspapers, both Union and Secession, do their best to keep open the wounds made by the war. The latter class are particularly severe, and give constant proof of the determination of the Southern press to keep up the vindictive sectionalism which caused the late war. Another war between the late antagonists is impossible; but the irrepressible conflict is still going on, and the great trouble seems to be a want of Christian forbearance. Nowhere is this state of affairs worse than at Nashville. The sketch of the city was taken from a portion of the fortifications known as Fort Pickering, to make way for which a number of nice houses had been torn down. Now the fort is turned into a brickyard, and sable brickmakers, under the supervision of white men, follow that ancient art where erewhile the rebel cannon frowned ominously over the cliff."

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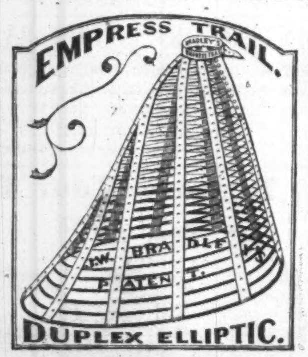

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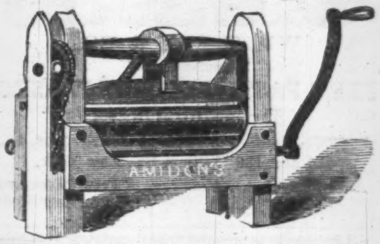

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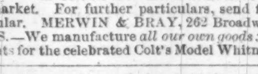

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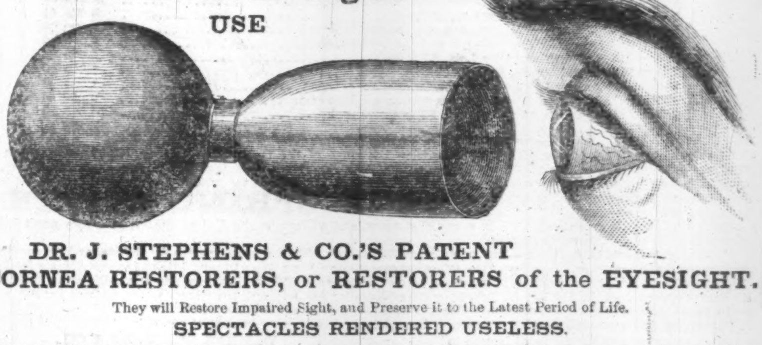

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